

The LINK



January 1952

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Photo credit: Front cover, Don Knight

THE LINK is the official publication of United Fellowship of Protestants, published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains at 815 Demonbreun St., Nashville 3, Tennessee. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial offices and Headquarters: 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington 2, D. C. Subscription price to civilians: \$2.00 a year; \$1.50 a year in lots of ten or more to one address; 25c a single copy; 20c each for ten or more. Distributed free of charge through chaplains to members of the armed services and patients in Veterans Administration hospitals. Copyright, 1952, by The General Commission on Chaplains. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission. Any similarity to persons, living or dead, in the fiction appearing in THE LINK is purely coincidental.

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Mr. Shakespeare Goes to Town

By Newman Levy

MR. SID MEYERHAUSER, known to readers of the motion picture magazines as "The Little Napoleon of the Cinema," toyed playfully with the riding crop that always lay upon his desk and smiled benignly at the timid, hesitant author who sat opposite.

"We're expecting great things of you, Mr. Shakespeare," said Meyerhauser. "It's going to take you time to learn, but you look like a smart young fellow. You know you need only one successful picture out here and you're set for life. I'm going to team you up with Buddy Raskin, one of the best constructionists in the game. You're a lucky guy, Shakespeare. It isn't often a newcomer gets a chance to work with a real top-notch writer like Buddy." Mr. Meyerhauser flicked the top of his desk with his riding crop. "Now this play of yours, *Hearts Ablaze*—"

"*Hearts Ablaze*?" said Shakespeare.

"I've changed the name," Mr. Meyerhauser explained. "'Hamlet' has no box office appeal. Now over in Stratfield where you come from—"

"Stratford," said Shakespeare.

Mr. Meyerhauser frowned at the interruption. "All right, Stratford. Over in Stratford they'd get the point in a second, but you're in America now. Of course, you and I understand what the word 'Hamlet' means, but the question is, Would the fellow out in Cedar Bluffs understand it?"

"But," Shakespeare protested timidly, "Hamlet is the name—"

"Listen, Bill." Mr. Meyerhauser waved his riding crop to emphasize his remarks. "We paid you ten grand for that play of yours, and that's a lot of

money in any man's country. You're just a beginner out here. Now if you could write like Moss Hart or Bob Sherwood it would be different." The producer rose to signify that the interview was at an end. He patted the crest-fallen author reassuringly on the shoulder. "Don't worry, Bill; you'll make good. And I've got great news for you. I think I'm going to get Bing Crosby to play the lead."

Clipping from *Variety*

SHAKE SCRIPTS HEARTS

Bill Shakespeare checked in on the R.U.R. lot yesterday. He was assigned to assist Buddy Raskin on the Sid Meyerhauser production of *Hearts Ablaze*. Gummo Marx Agency set.

Letter from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, England

MY DEAR ANN,

Well, here I am in Hollywood, California, at last, and I'll bet, Ann, that you never thought, when we used to sit in the cinema looking at all those glamorous figures on the screen, that one day I'd be out here in Hollywood, California, practically rubbing elbows, as you might say, with all those glamorous figures.

I went for a drive yesterday and saw all the historical places like where Shirley Temple lived, and the Brown Derby, and the bench on Hollywood

Boulevard where Lon Chaney used to sit when he was out of work. Then I had a nutburger sandwich for lunch, and a cheeseburger. I would have had a turkburger and a giantburger, but somehow my appetite had disappeared.

They have been very nice to me here at the studio. I have a beautiful office in a bungalow, and a private secretary who, when she isn't doing secretarial work, writes originals. The barber here on the lot also writes originals, and so does the bootblack.

I haven't started to work yet because they told me that my collaborator wouldn't be in until the Santa Anita track closed. His name is Buddy Raskin, and he is a very great writer. He did the screenplay for *More Sinned Against than Sinning*, which lost nearly a million and a half dollars.

I met Mr. Meyerhauser this morning in the barbershop; it was the first time I had seen him since the day I arrived. I told him my idea about a play about King Lear. He asked me if I thought Jimmy Durante could play the lead; he's looking for a story for Jimmy, and he said that if I could fix it over for him he might consider it. So as soon as I finish this letter I'm going out and have a mammothburger for lunch, and then I'm going to tackle *King Lear*.

I am enclosing a check. So far I have received four weekly checks. It is very pleasant to be paid for doing nothing. The races are ending next week, and then Buddy Raskin and I will get down to serious hard work.

My love to you and the kiddies!

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

"My name," said the stranger in the resplendent plaid sport coat, with sport shirt open at the neck, "my name is

Buddy Raskin. I understand we're going to work together."

Shakespeare shook his hand cordially. "I've been anxious to get started," he said. "Mr. Meyerhauser must be getting impatient—"

Raskin threw himself upon the couch, reached for the telephone, and gave the operator a number. "Hello," he said. "What happened in the sixth at Caliente? . . . I'll be damned!" He slammed down the receiver.

"This play of mine," Shakespeare continued eagerly—

"I read the synopsis," said Raskin. "It's got a couple of ideas in it. But don't worry about that. We'll go off to Arrowhead for a couple of days and knock out a treatment. I've got some gags left over from my last picture, *Simple Souls*, that we can use, like where Hamlet comes in on ice skates, and he's never been on skates in his life—"

"But Mr. Meyerhauser—"

"Don't worry about Sid. He's so busy just now that he wouldn't have time to talk to us even if we had something."

Letter from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon

MY DEAR ANN,

I haven't started to work yet, but I am learning a lot about motion-picture writing. Perhaps, if I'm lucky, I'll get a chance to write something before my contract is up, but Buddy Raskin says I shouldn't worry about that. He says that nobody ever flopped in Hollywood by not writing; it's only when you begin to write something that you get into trouble.

I've learned, too, that there's a man

living in a place called Cedar Bluffs for whom all the pictures out here are made. I don't know his name, but he is evidently a pretty important person. For instance, I was trying to explain to Buddy my idea for *Othello*. He laughed. "Forget it, kid," he said. "The Johnson Office will never let you get away with a white gal marrying a Negro."

"But he's a Moor," I explained.

"I know," said Buddy. "You and I can understand that. But how about the fellow in Cedar Bluffs? He's the guy we've got to consider."

I was fortunate last week to be able to attend the world première of a new delicatessen shop on Hollywood Boulevard. It was thrilling to see the huge searchlights piercing the sky with their shafts of light and to see the beautiful women and handsome men driving up in their limousines. Of course I could not get close enough, because of the traffic jam, to see very much, but I heard later that Jimmy Fidler, the well-known critic, gave the salami three bells.

Mr. Meyerhauser returned today from his cruise, so I think we'll start working any day now.

Love to you and the kiddies!

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The following week the two authors were summoned to the producer's office to a story conference. Mr. Meyerhauser stood with his back to the fireplace, slapping his leg with his riding crop.

I've been thinking about this script of yours, Bill," he said. "By the way, I've got a new name for it. What do you think of *She Married Her Brother-in-Law*?"

"Say, that's a honey!" exclaimed Buddy Raskin admiringly.

"Now about the story," Meyerhauser



continued. "Have you got any ideas, Buddy?"

"Well, I haven't read the play yet, but from the synopsis it seems to me that the motivation isn't clear."

"You said it!" exclaimed the producer. "You took the words out of my mouth."

"You see, Bill, out here you've got to have motivation in a picture. That's one of the first things they look for. You and I may not care much about it, but the first thing the fellow in Cedar Bluffs is going to say is, 'Where's the motivation?' Do you get me?"

Shakespeare nodded weakly.

"Now, in this script," Meyerhauser went on, "you've made the fellow a Swede."

"Dane," murmured Shakespeare.

"Dane—Swede, what's the difference? The point is, once you make him a squarehead he's got to be a comic character."

"We could build the part up for Bob Hope," Buddy suggested.

"No," said the producer. "If he's a Swede he's got to talk like a Swede. Take this speech, for instance." He picked up the book from his desk.

"Here's how it ought to go: 'To bane or not to bane, I tank dot bane de question.'"

"Angels and ministers of grace!" Shakespeare gaped.

"And if he's a Swede he ought to have a Swedish name," added Raskin.

"Something like Ole Olsen," Meyerhauser suggested.

"That's right. And there's another thing," Raskin continued. "This business of the hero pretending to be a nut—"

"What's the matter with that?" asked the producer. "That's a good gag."

"Sure it's a good gag," said Raskin. "But they did it years ago in *Mr. Deeds*. We don't want the critics to go to work and say we're lifting gags from *Mr. Deeds*."

"By golly, I never thought of that," said the producer. He glanced at Shakespeare suspiciously.

"I can fix that up," said Raskin. "But here's something else. That sequence where Ophelia jumps in the lake is just like what Betty Hutton did in *Revelry by Night*."

"Sure it is," said Meyerhauser de-

lightedly. "Why do you suppose I bought this lousy play? As soon as I heard that dame jumped into the lake I said to myself, 'There's a story for Hutton. Her public expects her to jump in the water or get pushed under a shower bath or something.' So I figured this yarn was a natural for her."

"I got to hand it to you, Sid," said Raskin with admiration.

"He's a great guy, isn't he?"

Shakespeare nodded.

"Now, to get down to brass tacks, what we need first," said Meyerhauser, "is a story line. That's the expression we use out here," he explained, "to mean a—er, well, a sort of story line. You'll get on to these expressions after a while."

"I got a couple of ideas," said Raskin.

"Fine!" Meyerhauser said. "Fine! I really think we're beginning to get somewhere with this story. I'll see you boys in a couple of days. . . ."

Letter from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare

MY DEAR ANN,

Well, we've started at last. Buddy turned up at the studio yesterday full of pep and enthusiasm. It was the first time I had seen him since the story conference in Mr. Meyerhauser's office ten days ago.

He explained to me that we had to get busy right away because his option was coming up shortly and it was important for him to have a story in the works. I'm certainly learning a lot about the art of writing, Ann. One important rule, Buddy says, is that as long as you are in the midst of a story when your option comes up it doesn't matter much what you do the rest of the year.

Anyway, we've made *Hamlet* (or, as



"What's the matter with that?" asked the producer. "That's a good gag."

they refer to it in *Variety*, *Brother-in-Law*) into a modern story. It seems that this fellow in Cedar Bluffs that I wrote you about is getting tired of costume plays. He likes stories about swanky estates on Long Island, with a lot of society folks sitting around in swimming pools, so we had to modernize the plot so he wouldn't get sore. We've made the old king a traction magnate named Pierpont J. Hamlet who is murdered by gangsters because his wicked brother Claude wants to get control of the company.

Claude forces his brother's widow, Gertrude, to marry him by threatening to reveal that she used to be a fan dancer.

Meanwhile the son, Pierpont Hamlet, Jr., has been elected district attorney and is out to bust up the racketeers. He is in love with a girl named Ophelia. I am not sure yet who she is, but she will either be a society dame, a gangster's moll, or a Russian spy, depending upon whom Mr. Meyerhauser can get for the part.

That's as far as we've gone, but you can see, Ann, that it's packed full of motivation and story line. The big punch, the "sockaroo" as we screen writers call it out here, comes when we reveal that old Pierpont wasn't murdered at all but is hiding in Claude's house masquerading as a ghost.

Buddy came through today with a marvelous suggestion. He says that the play-within-a-play idea is so old that it has whiskers. So Buddy's idea is to have young Pierpont frame his uncle by showing a Mickey Mouse picture on the screen which he will write himself. We told it to Mr. Meyerhauser the other night at the Brown Derby, and he's crazy about it.

My love to you and the kiddies! Tell Grandma that I will try to get her that

autograph of Jimmy Stewart that she asked for.

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Clipping from *Variety*

GERRATY SCRIPTS MARRIED

Irving Gerraty has been assigned by Sid Meyerhauser with Bill Shakespeare to do the screenplay of *She Married Her Brother-in-Law*. Buddy Raskin, who has been working on the script, is at present on layoff.

Clipping from the *Hollywood Reporter*

PINCUS ON BROTHER-IN-LAW

Sid Meyerhauser yesterday assigned Gary Pincus to the screenplay *She Married Her Brother-in-Law*. Irving Gerraty checked off the lot.

Letter from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare

MY DEAR ANN,

Well, things are moving fast out here in Hollywood, California, and you will be surprised to learn that *Hamlet* is now a musical comedy. I think the fellow in Cedar Bluffs must have decided that he likes musicals. Besides, as Buddy Raskin explained to me last week, you can spend so much more on musicals than on any other kind of picture. Mr. Meyerhauser tried to get the Marx Brothers for it; he thought that three Hamlets would be sensational, but they were tied up in another picture.

I'm working now with a fellow named

Gary Pincus, who is one of the best gag men in Hollywood. I was under the impression that a gag man was a fellow who makes you gag, but I've learned that he's merely a fellow who writes gags.

It looks now as though we're going to have Fred Astaire for Hamlet, Ginger Rogers for Ophelia, and Ethel Barrymore for the Queen—and I guess maybe that isn't some cast, eh, Ann?

A couple of fellows named Rogers and Hammerstein will write the songs, which is a swell break for me because it means the show is bound to be a hit. Gary Pincus has an idea for a song that I'll bet will be a wow. It starts like this:

*Ophelia, I'd like to steal ya.
Ophelia, my pride and joy.
I'll be your Gary Cooper
If you'll be my Myrna Loy.*

Isn't that swell, Ann?

Mr. Meyerhauser expects to sign up

Helen Traubel of the Metropolitan Opera, so Pincus and I are working on a scene where Hamlet takes Ophelia to the opera, where we show two acts of *Götterdämmerung*. After the opera we dolly with Hamlet and Ophelia to the lobby of the opera house, where we pan to Perry Como's band. There's a two-shot of Hamlet and Ophelia doing a tap routine to the *Trauermarsch* in swing; Ham does a double take; and then we lap dissolve to Ophelia's dressing room.

You can see that I am learning the language. And to think that I once thought I knew something about play writing!

Tell Grandma I will try to find out for her what Hopalong Cassidy's favorite color is.

My love to you and the kiddies!

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Letter from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare

DEAR ANN,

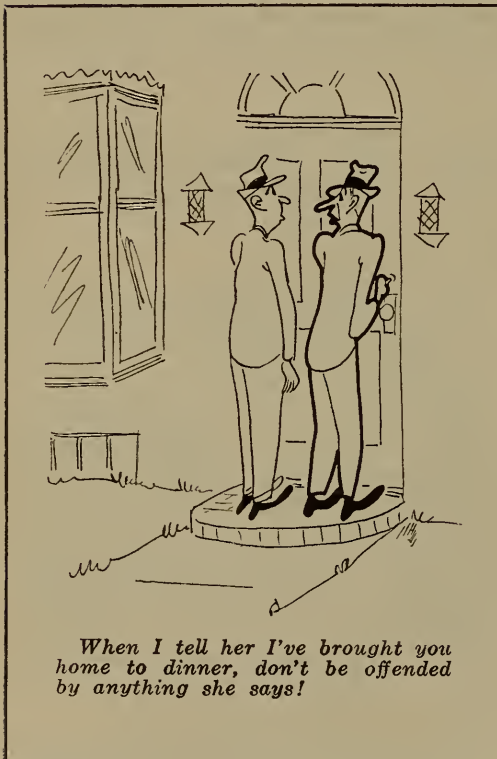
I haven't had much time to write because we're shooting at last, and I'm working nearly twenty-four hours a day. I'm on the set all day, and at night Pincus and I have to write the script for the next day. The director always throws out what we have written, but we have to write it anyway.

The reason for the rush is that the picture is now called *Meyerhauser Revels of 1951*, so we had to throw out the old script and start all over from scratch. This is difficult, as you can well imagine, while the picture is shooting.

It's going to be in technicolor and there are forty elephants in it. I think that my reputation as a writer is made.

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Cable from William Shakespeare to Mrs. William Shakespeare

Too busy to write. Picture previewed at Pomona. Sensational success. Throwing out last five reels and starting to shoot over again. Love.

WILLIAM

Music Hall. The screenplay is by Gary Pincus and Irving Gerraty based upon a story by Buddy Raskin. In the cast are Perry Como and his band, Lassie, the Albertina Rasch dancers. . . .

From *Variety*

From the *New York Times*

The *Meyerhauser Revels of 1951* opens tomorrow at the Radio City

SHAKE CHIEFS OUT

Bill Shakespeare trained out last night on the "Chief" after R.U.R. failed to lift his option.



Happiness is the result of a solid and satisfying way of life, in which the aim is high, the labor honest, and the service of others a chief motive. Nobody knows happiness who has not given up thinking about it and forgotten himself in a great and worthy cause and given himself in unselfish and rewarding love. . . .

So far as "love" is concerned, happiness consists in giving it and letting the getting of it take care of itself. As to work, the man who has pride and joy in his labor is the man who finds happiness in it. . . .

A recent writer has pointed out what a treatise on "Happiness" is to be found in that Sermon on the Mount, which even church-going people read and know so little. He wrote in no specifically religious paper but in *The Rotarian* and said that Sermon is full not only of spiritual truths but of practical techniques by which anyone may find health, success, tranquility, and peace of mind and soul. . . .

The Sermon on the Mount, carefully read, earnestly assimilated, and faithfully followed, will give you the cure, and the true happiness which comes not from being unyoked or unburdened but from him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.

—G. STANLEY RUSSELL, in the *Daily Star*, Toronto, Canada



The perfect life is like a ship of war, which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but which can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea.

—PHILLIP G. HAMERTON

Martinek—Modern Minuteman

By J. Howard Flory

THE LATE ROBERT RIPLEY would have seized upon a recent transaction in Grand Junction, Colorado. In the office of the local Chamber of Commerce a comic-strip character—one close to the hearts of hundreds of thousands of young Americans and many adults—became the recipient of a genuine western-Colorado uranium mine! Shortly afterward the deed was legally recorded, and Don Winslow became the first and only character in fiction actually to own property.

Adding to the unusual nature of the deal was the fact that no money changed hands, the claim being surrendered with no strings attached. The donors were A. J. (Jock) Watson and Vern B. Lee, mining partners, whose Lucky Dog workings adjoin the property deeded to Don in the John Brown district near Gateway. In the "absence" of Don, the deed was gratefully accepted by his creator, Frank V. Martinek, "to be held in trust until—"

"Don Winslow of the Navy," which appears in two hundred daily newspapers, as well as in movies, radio, television, and books, is in no way "comic." Although fans thrill to his every adventure, Don plays a more significant role in our national life. Frank Martinek, through this popular character, is attempting to show our citizenry and leaders the wisdom of preparedness against foreign aggressors. Although the Winslow strip is of the "red-blooded, he-man type," it has never been questioned by any of the organizations spasmodically engaged in cleaning up the comics.

When not at work on his script,

Mr. Martinek carries out important duties as a business executive, being assistant vice-president in charge of personnel for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, with offices in Chicago. In this capacity he travels extensively, combining the gas and oil business with that of digging up new material for Don Winslow. He lectures many times a year before service clubs, civic bodies, fraternal organizations, and others. He finds it impossible to comply with the deluge of requests that come in for his services as a speaker. It was while on one of these trips that he called on Watson and Lee, only to end up with a uranium claim.

In thanking the donors he told of plans for the future. "I want to assure you that good use will be made of the mine. Millions of kids will know about uranium in western Colorado through the daily strip, television, radio, motion pictures, and magazines; and if our plans work out, children all over the world will receive specimens of western-Colorado uranium, as well as pieces of petrified wood, agate, and dinosaur bone from this district."

Frank Martinek has had an ideal background for his project with Don Winslow, having worked as writer, fingerprint expert, newspaper man, FBI agent, and naval intelligence officer. But the activity nearest his heart, and the one that is gradually making him a national figure, is his writing of "Don Winslow of the Navy."

This feature allows him plenty of latitude for another natural talent, that of youth psychologist. As we sat talking informally in his apartment, he suddenly

glanced out upon the blue of Lake Michigan and pointed to some boys who were sailing a small craft along the shore line.

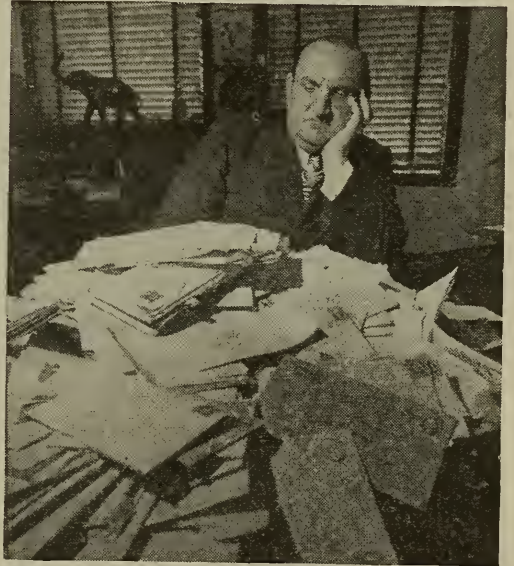
"See those kids?" he asked. "They're the real creators of Don Winslow and all he stands for. I couldn't let them down because I have a pact with them. If Don ever did anything mean or dishonest, where do you think I would be—and what would be born in the hearts and minds of Don's fans all over the world?"

Then he related how the boys of his neighborhood often sit as a jury to discuss with him the script he has just completed in longhand. Many times they make suggestions that are incorporated in the finished work. Even in the privacy of his study, as he dreams up the action and suspense that always appear in his creation, Martinek keeps before him a mental picture of his youthful friends.

Martinek is a keen student of international relations. He has visited the majority of the countries of the globe and has observed critically the situations that have later developed into world crisis. As a naval intelligence officer in the first World War he was attached to the Asiatic Fleet, and the conflict had hardly ceased when he had occasion to become well acquainted with our Japanese enemies of the second World War. Twenty years before Pearl Harbor he was writing articles calling upon America to awaken to the danger that would come the next time, not alone from the old sore spot in Europe, but also from the Orient.

The following was written by Martinek many years before the Japs put over their infamous sneak punch: "We find a continual propaganda through the Japanese press, and circulation by word of mouth, which is not only detrimental

to the United States, but which, in the case of Japanese home consumption, is preparing their people for war. While other powers are limiting armament, or seriously debating that limitation as an economic measure, Japan is going ahead with the building of her war machine. She has stored great quantities of war materials, which, when the time comes for their use, could not be found in her immediate domain."



Chicago Daily News

Don't be fooled by Martinek's dour countenance in this picture. He ponders the huge pile of fan mail (most of it addressed to Don Winslow), and, off the record, he loves it!

This was the tone of numerous articles written by him in 1921, but the lethargy of the public remained unshaken, except in isolated cases. Even the statement by the former intelligence officer that he had seen maps in the hands of Chinese friends which proved conclusively that the goal of the Japs was a close-knit, pan-Oriental empire which was to extend in time to our western boundaries, failed to arouse us. Even today he pointedly and emphati-

cally urges America to heed the unmistakable storm signals.

Not until 1933 did Martinek find the medium that was to bring into clear focus just what was coming in not too many years. The creator of Don Winslow says that he had analyzed every possible means by which this could be done. "Then, out of nowhere, popped the character that I knew kids and adults followed religiously—'Popeye, the sailor'! Why couldn't I have a character that would hold the public as he did? I didn't even have to think of a name. Don Winslow, name and all, was born in that instant."

To those who might scoff and say that Don is just another fantastic nightmare, we suggest that they lend an ear as he stoutly defends Don.

"Look at Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. People called their books fantastic. Yet many of the things they dreamed of have been realized and put to use. Once upon a time I had Don using a strange communications instrument which some wiseacre laughed at. But today, as the 'walkie-talkie,' it isn't so laughable. Remember—life has a way of mirroring art."

Friends say that Frank has the power of prophecy, but he expresses it this way: "I believe there is a Divine Providence which often guides our thoughts, our creations, and our actions. How else could I have incorporated those happenings in Don Winslow long before they took place in real life?"

Evidence of this power of prophecy, or Divine Providence, has startled Americans many times in a period of years as they have followed Don along paths of high adventure.

Twelve years ago Don's strip depicted a government employee selling plans to a foreign power. A few days later, at Bath, Maine, a flesh-and-blood designer

of naval craft was arrested for purveying secrets to a foreign country.

On one occasion Don unmasked an Alaskan fishing fleet as spy ships operated by his arch enemy, the Scorpion. This was followed shortly by an actual revelation of Jap fishing boats serving as spy craft in the very waters depicted in the strip.

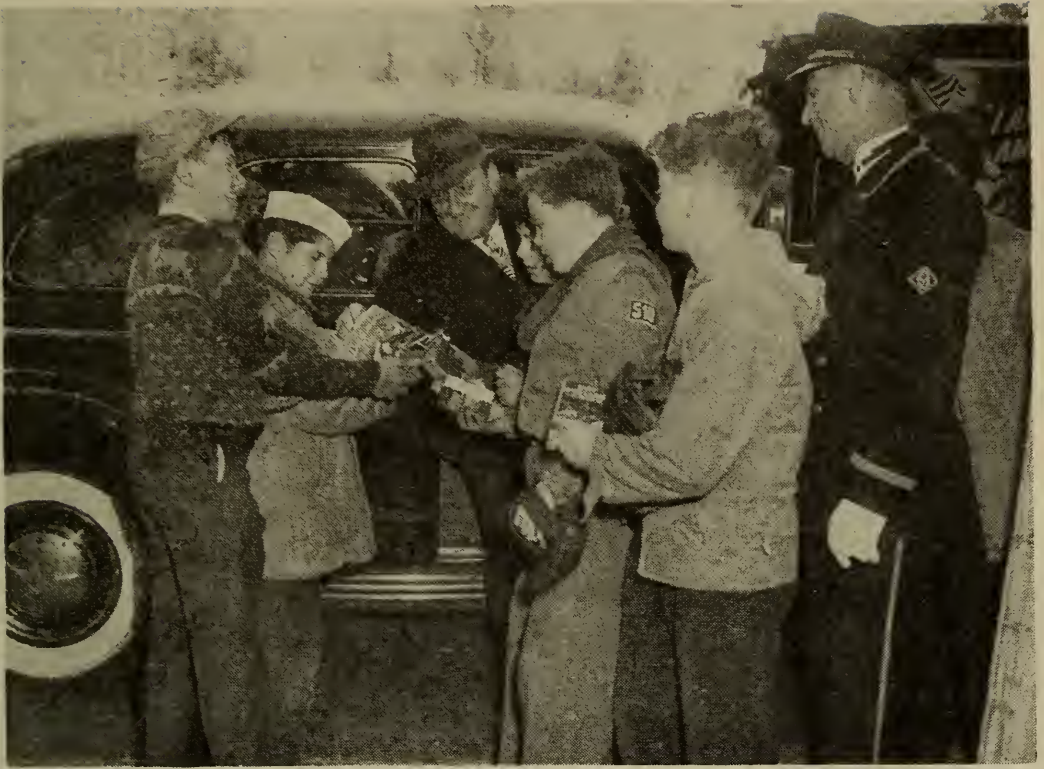
Then there was the episode of the mystery submarine (before the last war). In less than a month a mystery sub actually surfaced in the Mediterranean, setting off a variety of war rumors.

Martinek says: "Back in 1934, when the strip was just becoming popular, I introduced aerial bombs guided by radio control. Consequently it was not too surprising when I learned that the Nazis used such weapons in the last stages of World War II."

Another development that came into practical use after first being treated of in the Winslow feature was stratosphere flying. In 1935 Don is shown talking to Red, another character, about going up to forty thousand feet for a trial flight. Red is not at all "enthused," which is quite understandable. Yet five years later, in July, T.W.A.'s Stratoliner zoomed across the United States in twelve hours.

Not only did Martinek forecast events and developments to come, but he conceived a character that bore a remarkable parallel to the little mustached house painter of the thirties. The Scorpion came from the pen of Martinek *before* anyone paid serious attention to the shouting Hitler. Yet the same diabolical characteristics of the chief Nazi were strikingly portrayed by the Scorpion.

Martinek's physical appearance belies his true make-up. He is short, with an ample waistline, giving you the impres-



Chicago Daily News

The creator of Don Winslow seldom alights from his car near his home without experiencing this—enthusiastic fans clamoring for his autograph.

sion that he is deliberate in movement. But such is not the case. He almost startles you when, in the middle of a sentence, he bounds from his chair to dig a letter from a file, or take a picture from the wall to illustrate whatever he happens to be discussing. Just as quickly he settles back in his seat, talking easily but seriously.

This quality of earnest sincerity impresses a visitor. You do not doubt for an instant that he firmly believes everything he divulges, so pointedly does he speak, with his dark eyes helping to put across his belief or bit of philosophy.

His penchant for close observation, analysis, and investigations seems to have been with Martinek since youth.

One of the first jobs he had was that

of copy boy with the old *Chicago Record Herald*. After advancing to the berth of police reporter he became acquainted with Mrs. Mary Holland, noted woman detective, who had been trained at Scotland Yard. This association was invaluable and to the liking of young Martinek. He was an apt student of the principles of criminal investigation, and especially of criminal identification. In time he became an identification expert for the Civil Service Commission.

Moreover, he was instrumental in establishing a school for detectives and in creating the Physical, Chemical and Photographic Laboratory for the Office of Naval Intelligence.

Martinek was a bluejacket at Great Lakes Station for a period of only

three weeks before being made a chief petty officer. Then came his adventurous days in the Orient as naval intelligence officer attached to the staff of the commander in chief of the Asiatic Fleet.

With the end of World War I, he became a special agent for the Department of Justice, where he won the close friendship of another young agent, named J. Edgar Hoover. All this time he was absorbing conditions and situations which later held the attention of the public in the form of Don Winslow.

Martinek's keen and deep interest in humanity landed him an important job with Standard Oil in 1925 as manager of personnel. In this capacity he earned wide acclaim, his advice being sought by persons in all stations of life. Much of his unusual insight and ability in dealing with people is incorporated in a book, *Know Your Man*, considered one of the best volumes of its kind to come off the press.

He firmly believes that most failures in life occur, not because of the man, but because the man is improperly placed. This belief is borne out by his counseling experience, for many a man who has been a misfit has gone on to success when given congenial working conditions.

Don Winslow is a true projection onto the printed page of Martinek—his personality, character traits, philosophy of life, and background. In whatever capacity he has acted, he has shown an intense interest in people and their problems. So it is not difficult to understand the vitality of the various Winslow features which hold the attention not only of youngsters but of men in high places, such as FBI heads and admirals.

Don's resourcefulness and lack of fear have been exemplified many times by Martinek, not only while a lieutenant

commander in the Navy, but while a federal operative in Chicago. This was during the days when such "notables" as Capone, O'Bannion, Moran, Diamond, Weiss, and Rio were pushing news of national importance off the front pages.

Martinek was largely instrumental in putting the "pinch" on Angelo Genna, probably the rattiest of all rats, and the hoodlum who ordered the rubbing out of Dion O'Bannion in 1924. After Genna had served his sentence, he met Frank in the Federal Building, extending his hand to the man whose testimony and quick thinking had landed him there.

The Genna case is a single instance of the moral and physical courage of Martinek. Numerous other instances bear out the fact that he is not "just another creator of a comic strip." He has put a quality into the feature that has made it almost unique, judging from the deluge of fan mail which Frank receives and answers in person.

A grade school teacher wrote of her success in handling certain boys in her class: "There are no more incorrigibles in my class now, thanks to you. When a boy misbehaves, I tell him that Don Winslow wouldn't act like that. The situation is usually corrected forthwith."

An interesting story is told about a certain shut-in home in Brooklyn, where a window has been dedicated to Don. As the adventure comes on the air, the shut-ins have a habit of assembling before this window to pay homage to Don as they thrill to additional exploits.

The movie serials have drawn high praise from Walter Winchell, Jimmie Fidler, and Leonard Lyons, who agree that the series is good adult, as well as juvenile, entertainment and enlightenment, and not the usual stuff associated with movie serials.

Many sea shots for the filming of the

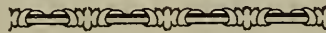
feature were made in co-operation with the Navy, with high-ranking officers getting a kick out of the proceedings. Once, while on the "Arizona," flagship of Rear Admiral Watt T. Cluverius, Martinek stole the show as he regaled the admiral with tales of Don.

Martinek never commercializes on Don, having turned down lucrative offers for the privilege of using the name in various advertising campaigns. With him, Don has a much more vital role to perform, as he champions right against evil. Also through his creation, Martinek is proving that, although war does not pay, we must be prepared in order to gain peace.

The writing of Don Winslow takes Martinek a couple of hours on Saturday

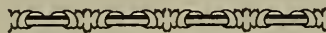
afternoon, this work being done in his study, which, incidentally, is a "study in studies," with all the Winslowana in evidence—photos, lamps, book ends, etc. He sends his script (in longhand) with rough sketches to artist Leon Beroth in Montana, who does the finished drawings for the week's series.

Martinek grins and speaks in almost fatherly tones when discussing his hero of the popular feature: "You know, even with all his good habits, Don is something of a problem child. I'm a busy man with my duties for Standard Oil, and he was born as an outside interest. But now—well, he has grown to such stature that he is beginning to shove me around a bit."



A recently published book, *How to Get Ahead in the Armed Forces*, by Reuben Horchow, offers some very practical information to servicemen. Chapter headings include the following: "Tips for Recruits," "How to Do Your Best in Tests and Interviews," "Promotions in Enlisted Grades," "Commissions and How to Get Them," "Jobs—What You Can Do to Get the Right Kind," and "How to Make Military Training Pay Off on Your Return to Civilian Life."

The book is well illustrated and is adapted to the various branches of the service. It is published by Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. The price is one dollar.



Some years back a character named Bob Reynolds (nicknamed "Windy") was the super-duper star of the St. Martin's College basketball team of Seattle, Washington. Bob made a freak bet with a chum one day, lost it, and as a result had to get his head shaved clean and bald as an ice cube.

But, hair or no hair, he still had to attend class—amidst considerable ribbing—and he still had to play basketball. One night in a hot tussle Windy and the other St. Martin hoopsters were battling with their opponents for possession of the ball under one of the baskets.

There was a good deal of confusion extant, and nobody seemed to know just what was going on. Suddenly from the sidelines came the unmistakable voice of Joe Paglia, coach of the "Saints." Hollered he:

"Hey, you guys, smarten up and get the right ball! The one with the ears is Reynolds!"

—HAROLD WINERIP

Korea—Ireland of the Orient

By George R. Flamm

Part Two

KOREANS number roughly thirty million. They are Mongolians of a distinct type, neither Chinese nor Japanese. It is true that some Korean traits are Chinese because Korea was under Chinese domination and suzerainty, both political and cultural, for many centuries. It is also true that some Korean traits are Japanese. Korea was a Japanese colony from 1910 to 1945 and was under Japanese influence before then. However, the Koreans are a very independent people, and most Korean traits, customs, and habits are peculiar to Korea, relics of bygone days that occupying nations have been unable to change.

No basic difference separates a North Korean from a South Korean. They have the same language, prepare the same foods, keep the same customs, and enjoy the same pleasures. Although the south grows most of the food and the north has most of the industries of the country, free commerce between the two areas knitted them closely together in the past. The thirty-eighth parallel was an artificial barrier.

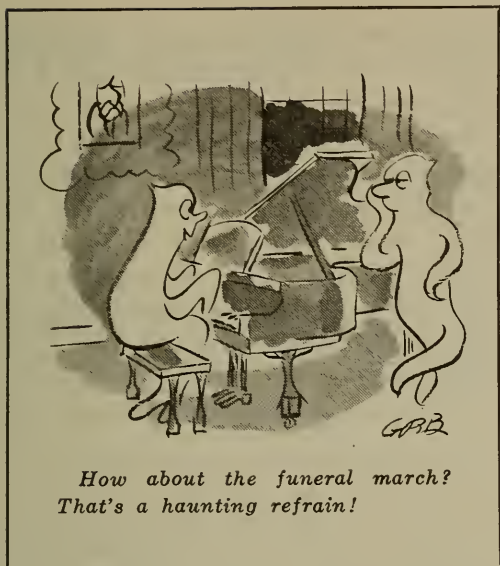
The universal garb of the Koreans, both men and women, is white. Although the towns are filthy by our standards, the people keep their clothes spotlessly clean in normal times. White, strangely enough, is the Korean's color of mourning. When a person dies his family wears white clothing, including a white hat. The period of mourning is three

years. In the old days when a Korean ruler died, or one of his immediate family, it was decreed that the entire nation go into mourning. Every person had to dress in white out of respect for him. The mourning period for a ruler was much longer than for an ordinary mortal. It was thirty years! Because of this custom the people dressed in white most of the time, until finally it became the everyday garb. About the only exception to this is the hat, which ordinarily is black.

Korean clothes are light and comfortable. They are loose, allowing free circulation of air about the body. Most Koreans wear the native costumes today, although a sprinkling of them have adopted Western dress, especially in the cities. Under the long white native gown they wear full white trousers tied at the ankles, as well as stockings of wadded cotton half an inch thick.

The Korean hat is unique. At one time it had a very wide brim, though this is not so today. The hat is not used to protect the head from the weather nor to shade the face; it is worn to protect the wearers from evil spirits. Years ago every man tied his hair in a topknot, which was a symbol of manhood. The hat, held firmly in place, was a protection to this holy topknot. Few men have the topknot today, but most heads of the family still wear the hat.

Although Korean clothes are comfort-



able, the hat is not. At least, not at first. Before the hat can be worn, a black band is bound around the brow and forehead. This is about four inches wide, reaching over the curve of the head. It's a sort of brimless cap bound so tightly that, when first applied, it causes extreme headaches. Over this the Korean hat is worn. Made of horsehair, or imitation horsehair, it perches on top of the head, clown fashion, and is held in place by a black ribbon under the chin.

You see very few Western houses in Korea. Most people live in squalid mud or stone huts with roofs of rice straw. The huts are grouped together in small villages. More than one traveler has observed that these villages look like clusters of dead mushrooms, for the huts are neither painted nor white-washed. Rarely do trees or gardens beautify the yards. Most yards are filthy, littered with garbage and swarming with flies and other insects; for the people have little knowledge of modern sanitation. Open sewers run along the streets of most villages.

The average dwelling is not much

more than six feet high from floor to ceiling, and the rooms are not much larger in the other dimensions. The floors inside are raised higher than ground level. Although some floors are made of wood, most are made of stones and mud, plastered over. The floors are usually covered with a heavy yellow-brown paper that looks something like oilcloth.

Most huts are shaped something like a horseshoe. A parlor in the middle is, at most, about ten to twelve feet long and six or seven feet wide. This room is flanked at either end by two smaller rooms, not much larger than six feet in any direction. In other words, these rooms are about as wide and as long as your bed is long.

By our standards these huts are inadequate. The rooms are not much larger than a child's playhouse. Yet this is where the average Korean lives. The entire family eats, sleeps, and spends its entire domestic life in such a "playhouse."

Little furniture is used. No chairs. No tables (Koreans eat on the floor). No beds. In some houses you may find a chest of drawers, a Korean chest, and a sewing machine. The Korean chests are handed down from generation to generation.

The kitchen, in the average hut, is a primitive affair with an earthen floor and stoves made out of crude stones that are plastered over. A few earthenware jars are scattered about.

The huts are heated in a very novel fashion. A large flue connected with the kitchen stove goes underneath the floor and comes out of the ground on the other side of the hut. This heats the dwelling thoroughly from one end to the other. The Koreans knew how to heat their huts comfortably centuries before Westerners had evolved a way to heat

theirs. This is very effective in winter months but has its drawbacks during hot summer days, for there is no way to shut off the kitchen heat while cooking meals. The Koreans do not mind this, however. They have become accustomed to it.

The Korean sleeps on the floor. (Few people have mattresses, quilts, or sheets.) He sleeps in the same clothing he wears during the day. The only thing he takes off is his shoes. In fact, like most Asiatics, he removes his shoes when entering the house. He even wears his hat to bed and uses a block of wood for a pillow.

The staple food is rice. Poorer people, however, substitute millet and other cheaper grains. Rice is eaten with a flat spoon, although chopsticks are used in eating some foods. Koreans, for the most part, are meat eaters. They relish even dog meat when they can get it. Some claim this is the reason why Koreans are larger than the Japanese, who, because most are Buddhists, do not eat meat. A Korean delicacy, *kimshee*, is rarely missing from any meal. This is a kind of sauerkraut of cabbage and turnips, treated with salt and lime.

The Korean, when out in public, maintains a poker face. He neither smiles nor frowns. He considers it vulgar to show mirth, anger, curiosity, or annoyance. This is more true of the older people, yet to a large extent it carries over to the younger generation. This custom, or characteristic, made it difficult for the Americans in their dealings with Koreans during the occupation following World War II. It was hard for an American to know whether or not his services were appreciated. He could not tell whether he was liked or hated, whether his actions met with approval or disapproval.

This gives you a quick glance at the way most Koreans live. They are content

with few comforts or luxuries. No doubt this is a carry-over from the old days when even wealthy Koreans did not display their wealth. It seems that tax collectors, swarms of them representing not only the rulers but members of the Court, would take almost everything of value in sight. As a result, Koreans, both rich and poor, kept their belongings out of sight and learned to get along with the barest necessities.

(To be concluded)

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Despite electronic controls and other safeguards on modern printing plant equipment, things sometimes *do* go wrong. A magazine publisher has an automatic machine in the subscription department that inserts renewal promotion letters in envelopes, seals, stamps, sorts them by cities and states, and deposits them in mail bags.

One day last month, as the machine was humming along, something got gummed up.

Not enough to stop the machine, nor to indicate to the operator by any change of rhythm that anything was wrong.

Nobody was aware of the trouble until several days later, when a Montana rancher informed the subscription manager that, *all in the same mail*, he had received six thousand identical letters notifying him that his subscription to the magazine had expired!

—Quote

■ ■ ■

A philosopher once said: "A work well done never needs doing over." He evidently never pulled weeds in his garden.

—Indiana Farmers Guide

LINK LINES

By the Editor

"There is nothing new under the sun" is no more than a half truth. Every day new gadgets appear, new situations arise, new leaders emerge. Every day of every month of every year is, at its beginning, a new day.

Special significance attaches to the first day of the first month of a new year. It is more than just a division of time. It marks an end and a beginning of opportunity.

All around the world, in various ways, men recognize the end of the old year and the beginning of the new one. For some it is a time for revelry, for others a time for prayer. For everyone it can be a time to make another start. And because of this it may be for each one of us a time for gratitude or repentance, a time for hope or fear, a time for planning or drifting, a time for courage or cowardice, a time for improvement or deterioration.

This New Year's Eve many of us will make our customary resolutions to do or not to do certain things. Although we may fail along the way, hope abides so long as there are moments when we resolve to do better.

"If only I had another chance!" is an

often-voiced wish of man. That is what New Year's Day offers. It is the beginning of another game. The players have had their pre-game practice. The umpire, Father Time, shouts, "Play ball!" There are no errors or outs on the scoreboard. Every player has a chance to do his best. A football captain's challenge to his men in a close game pretty well covers the situation: "Fellows, you have just six more minutes to play and all the rest of your lives to think about it."

Most men on a team want to play the game well. And usually they choose to play according to the rules. They have a plan for offense and defense. They don't whine when they are hit hard in scrimmage. The aspiring athlete is glad to be told by his coach what he does that is wrong, and how to do it right.

There are no games as important as living a life. Consciously or unconsciously, with a plan or without one, each of us is in the process of building the kind of person we eventually become.

The beginning of this new year may be a good time to take a look at what we have done and at what we are. It is a good time to choose and start becoming what we want to be. It is a good time to talk things over with the coach of rewarding living, the chaplain, that 1952 may be a happy new year.

U.C.Y.M. News

The General Council of the United Christian Youth Movement has adopted a five-commission plan which will go as a suggested outline to each of thirty-eight member denominations, thirty-five state councils, and hundreds of local youth councils.

The new plan divides the area of youth activity as follows:

1. Commission on Christian *Faith*, which will "help youth grow in a vital Christian faith and life."

2. Commission on Christian *Witness*, which will "help youth make known to others the way of Christ by all they say and do."

3. Commission on Christian *Outreach*, which will "help youth know, and accept their responsibility in, the world-wide mission of the Church."

4. Commission on Christian *Citizenship*, which will "help youth understand community needs, and on the basis of Christian convictions, work to meet these needs through personal influence and group action."

5. Commission on Christian *Fellowship*, which will "help youth experience in all their relationships the bond of Christian fellowship which comes from their common faith."

Youth of local churches, denominational bodies, and councils of churches would work through these five commissions, according to the plan. They would be equally concerned with worship, study, and action in each area.

Denominational youth fellowships which have already adopted the plan are the Methodist, American Baptist, Evangelical and Reformed, Presbyterian U.S.A., Presbyterian U.S., and Cumberland Presbyterian.



Green Covenant

Potential promise lies in every winter tree,
With slim boughs interlaced against the pale, suave sky
A bare tree speaks a strange and lonely word to me,
And once, so very long ago, I wondered why,
But now I know it symbolizes that first morn
When God held up His strong and "green-thumbed" hand
And sowed the fields with barley, wheat and corn
And made green covenant with trees in all the land.

—ALMA ROBINSON HIGBEE in the *War Cry*

Do unto Others

By Donald V. Radcliffe

(Illustrated by Floyd Pettengill)

THE suburban station clock struck nine-thirty, and the rush of commuters past the blind man's newspaper stand had dwindled. With unseeing eyes turned toward the sun Mr. Thomas folded a *Times* and smiled in recognition of the adult, determined footsteps that were punctuated by the protesting scuffle of shorter, younger steps hurrying to keep up.

Father and I were not a happy pair as we hurried toward the station. Father had cut himself shaving; breakfast had ended in a crisis; and I, as any twelve-year-old, would have been happier running bases than running errands at father's office on Saturday morning.

With some effort father was able to mumble "G'morning" in response to the cheery greeting of the blind man. He tucked the paper resolutely under one arm and turned away, when old Mr. Thomas spoke again:

"Isn't it a lovely day?"

Father stopped so suddenly that I bumped into him. The sun was streaming down on an early spring morning. It was indeed a lovely day, but only the blind man had noticed!

The economic depression of the thirties deepened with the years; and the old man, always in the worn leather jacket and dirty change apron, was a familiar sight. He stood with his head tilted up and his face set in an inquiring look as though straining to see and hear. A word or an approaching step would relax his set face into a smile.

I had become fascinated by this man

who seemed to sense more than I could see. I began delivering papers for him. It was then that I realized the depths to which his nature ran.

"No, I don't believe I'd want to be able to see now," he would say. "You see, Don, I live in a world of kindness, because people are kind and helpful—except a few thoughtless boys now and then." He smiled kindly. "In my mind I have the sunshine every day. All my friends look exactly as I want them to look. I'm afraid that with sight I might be able to see too much."

He loved the summer, and an hour after dawn he would be in the park, where he had learned the species of each tree by feeling the leaves.

"Hear the blue jay in that elm?" he would ask. "Look close, you'll find him there."

At the scurrying sound of a squirrel's claws on the bark of a tree near by, old Bill would stoop and crackle the shell of a peanut or drop it on the sidewalk to attract the squirrel's attention. Kneeling down, he would hold the nut until the squirrel had cautiously picked it from his fingers.

"I like all animals, but squirrels most. Some naturalists think they have bad memories and forget where their food is stored soon after they put it away. It's only because they all store up food that they can all survive the winter. Each one helps the other, and each has the opportunity to help."

His cane tapped impatiently on the sidewalk.

"I have so much, but I do wish I could help someone else and make his way easier."

He expressed that wish many times. It seemed to be the one thing that bothered him.

On the last Christmas Day before the last war we found old Bill Thomas sitting in the rocking chair of his front room. He had not been at the stand for two days.

His head drooped forward as if in sleep. The winter sun had broken through for a brief moment, and cold sunlight fell across the pages of a bulky Braille Bible.

After the funeral we packed his meager possessions. One package of letters, painstakingly punched in Braille, was carefully wrapped and tied.

"But look," father said, "the wrapping is new, and the letters are old. Looks like he read them often. I wonder. . . . Well, no one will ever know."

The daily war bulletins soon blocked from our minds the memory of old Bill.

But one day, three years later, all the thoughts came back in the rush of a single moment. It was then that I knew old Bill's hope had been realized—his hope of making the way easier for someone else.

It was early morning in July somewhere in the heat and sweat of the



The chaplain moved between the cots in the ship's sick bay.

Pacific. The chaplain moved between the cots in the ship's sick bay.

He stood, silent for a moment, beside my cot.

"You'll pull through okay, sailor." His hand was on my arm. I felt it tighten. "But, son, I—I'm sorry. You'll never see again."

A busy man forgot to file his income tax return until a few days after the deadline. "I just forgot," he wrote. "I have no excuse. I am enclosing an additional five percent for the fine."

He received an official letter from the government asking would he be good enough to fill out and return the enclosed form, stating his reasons for his delinquency, and have it notarized.

"No excuse," he wrote back. "Have paid fine."

A few days later he received a letter: "No excuse," it said, "is not an excuse. Please file notarized affidavit testifying that you had no excuse."

—The Improvement Era

The Long Search

By MABEL OTIS ROBISON



IF Roger Bacon, famous thirteenth-century philosopher, could have been here when scientists recently changed baser metals into gold, how elated he would have been! The search for this knowledge has fired the imagination and exhausted the energies of thousands of researchers since the dawn of civilization.

Legend discloses the fact that this search had its beginnings in strange laboratories shrouded in mystery. Men of learning and intelligence called alchemists spent their lives in dingy, smoky cellars working with crude apparatus in efforts to create gold.

From alchemy to chemistry the road stretches far. Yet there is continuity between them.

The idea that all matter is composed of small particles or atoms goes back to ancient Greek, Hindu, and Phoenician learning. It is surprising to read some of the ancient records. Though they appear to be incoherent jargon, there is often a startling parallel to some of the late atomic revelations. Though the searchings of alchemists were continually subject to criticism and ridicule, modern accomplishments show they were often on the right track. However, they held to the principle that all minerals except gold were nature's failures and that by adding something to the baser metals the golden property in them could be brought out.

Since alchemists called themselves

philosophers, the secret formula that was to produce this miracle was called the Philosopher's Stone. Strangely enough, the Philosopher's Stone was not a stone at all. It was described in many ways, often as a powder of various colors with red predominating, even as water without moisture.

While the desire to make gold seems to have been the powerful incentive that held men to the laborious discipline of the laboratory, many believed the stone could be dissolved in certain liquids to make an elixir that man could use to perfect his body, making it impervious to age or disease. Prolonging life, even up to a thousand years, did not seem an impossibility.

Alchemists were particularly interested in mercury and sulphur because of their color and ease of chemical change. They used signs and symbols to keep their findings secret and mysterious. Names of animals were much used. The yellow lion was the symbol of yellow sulphides. The red lion represented cinnabar. The green lion meant salts of iron and copper. Black sulphides were eagles or crows.

Most alchemists were associated with some religious organization. Large numbers of royalty were interested in the subject. Almost every court in medieval

Europe had its alchemist. Since the alchemists were unable to make gold on demand, many ended their lives in prison or on the gallows.

Roger Bacon, born about 1214, was one of the greatest alchemists. His interests were extremely varied. He corrected the Julian calendar, analyzed the properties of lenses and convex glasses, invented spectacles for the nearsighted, propounded the theory of telescopes, prepared the way for the discovery of gunpowder. Bacon believed firmly in the idea of the Philosopher's Stone and never gave up in his efforts to find it. Because he lived in a period of great superstition and ignorance, his achievements gave him the name of being a magician. For this he was imprisoned.

Today we tend to deprecate the work of those early alchemists who devoted themselves to costly, lifelong research, using up fortunes without attaining what they sought. However, their unending search for the Philosopher's Stone brought to light many unknown substances. Little by little, in a mixture of legend, experiment, and magic, they made their contributions to modern chemistry. As early as A.D. 750 Geber of Mesopotamia stumbled onto the discovery of corrosive sublimate, nitrate of silver, and red oxide of mercury. All are used today.

As Bacon said in his *De augmentis scientiarum*, "Alchemy can be compared to a man who told his sons he had buried gold for them somewhere in his vineyard. By digging, they found no gold, but by turning the mold about the roots of the vines, produced a plentiful vintage."

So the search and endeavor to make

gold has uncovered many useful ideas. These labors might be called the seeds out of which modern chemistry has developed.

Just recently, through one of the accidents that have marked so many turning points, both in alchemy and in chemistry, the possibility of making gold from other metals has been discovered. A team of scientists at the Argonne National Laboratory, a research center for the Atomic Energy Commission, revealed that they had created gold out of mercury during the course of a random experiment. They thought their findings interesting but did nothing to publicize them because such artificial gold would cost much more than gold mined from the earth.

It happened while they were working with the element mercury. They discovered a hitherto unknown and very weak mercury isotope, or particle of matter made radioactive with an atomic weight of 196. By experimenting they found this isotope had a tremendous capacity to absorb neutrons, one of the components of the atom. They had the sample of mercury 196 placed in the atomic pile and bombarded with neutrons. In two weeks five per cent of the sample had turned into pure gold.

To the historian as well as the scientist, the discovery is exceedingly interesting. And the old alchemists like Roger Bacon—how they would love to talk, if they could, to these men who made the discovery!

The terms present-day scientists use would be strange to their ears—isotope, neutrons, atomic piles. To them they could all be covered in one name: Philosopher's Stone.

On the ceiling above the wrestling mats in Doremus Gymnasium at Washington and Lee University is a sign which reads: "When you can read this, you're in trouble."

Mister Pepper Pays Off

By L. R. Stacy

JERGIN B. PEPPER raised his silver head spryly from the litter of his roll-top desk. Then he whirled his swivel chair about and faced the newly elected sheriff of Comanche County.

"Well!" the old man barked. "High time you showed up, young feller. We got a job to do, and it ain't playin' checkers with your wife's grandpa."

"No-o?" drawled young Hank Cody. Coming on into the dusty upstairs office, he tilted back his Stetson. Then, smiling his slow smile, he draped his lanky six-foot-four over a chair. "Well, I'd sorta like to hold my wife as well as my job, J. B.," he said. "I told you Sally has to keep her grandpa amused when he comes to visit. This time she's gone and promised him I'd find him the best checker partner in town. That's you, sir."

Mister Pepper's usually bland face flushed an angry red, and his deep gray eyes darted arrows of rebuke. He snorted.

"Let Grandpa set on the porch if he ain't got nothin' better to do. I aim to find who stole the wool out of the shed on my farm, right out from under Tom Gilbert's eyes. And it's your job to help me."

"Hope I haven't made you mad as you sound, J. B. I meant to compliment you." The young sheriff raised his brows. "You're still thinking Pedro's our man?"

Mister Pepper's gray eyes narrowed solemnly. "Evidence is evidence," he said. "Them cigarette butts, that there rope, and the glove—they's more than enough for you to arrest him."

The young sheriff's blue eyes nar-

rowed. "You're determined to pin this on that little old sheepshearer, aren't you?"

"You young yahoo," the old man burst out, "just because some of your family's always held that sheriff's office don't give you no right to go around actin' like you owned it." He stopped. Something about the younger man's manner puzzled him. "Hank," he began again, this time in a defensive tone, "I've took plenty in my time, and I've stood for it. But when it comes to a whole shearin' of wool just droppin' from sight, well—"

The young sheriff nodded slowly. "That's right, J. B. You have taken a lot. But as Dad used to say, it's a give-and-take world. And if you don't mind my saying so, sir, it appears to me that you may have done your share of both."

"What you drivin' at, Hank?" the old man demanded indignantly.

The young sheriff slowly unwound his long legs from the chair and got up. "I wouldn't take it so hard about that wool if I'se you, J. B.," he said. "More times than one I've watched these things work themselves out, given a chance."

"Your dad was more the kind to give things a little shove when he was sheriff," Mister Pepper observed sadly.

The midafternoon lull of Meade's Main Street vanished as suddenly as if someone had struck a match to a fireworks warehouse.

"That would be Pedro," the old man said. "Here's your chance, Hank, just made to order."

Hank Cody gave the old fellow one of his slow looks, then stepped over to the window. "You ought to be playing

checkers with Grandpa, J. B.," he said, his grin a bit on the condescending side.

Mister Pepper hitched his chair over to the open window and leaned out to rest his arms on top of the large black and white sign which read "Jergin B. Pepper, General Merchandise."

It was not Pedro's jalopy at all; it was Tom Gilbert's faded red pickup.

"Well, I'll be—" As the old man turned, his face flushed an embarrassed red.

Tom was the young fellow Mister Pepper had hired fresh from the hill country to work his farm for a monthly wage after the last tenant left. This was in place of the percentage basis that usually characterized the financial arrangement between landlord and tenant.

The noise in the street increased. Mister Pepper whirled toward the window again, then pointed excitedly. "Look, Hank, there comes Pedro. Now you can give him what's comin' to him."

The old fellow stared out over the wooden awning to watch the squat figure of the itinerant little sheep-shearer emerge from his dilapidated touring car. Pedro Moreno had finished the only job of shearing he had to do after leaving Mister Pepper's farm. Now he was ready to drive back down south toward his own home.

"Poor sucker, looks plumb petered out." Hank Cody shook his head. "Shame he can't take a little rest before he starts the long drive home in that jalopy." This time he did not grin as he looked at the old man. "Still want him arrested?"

Mister Pepper looked at the two cars parked side by side in front of his store. He hesitated a moment, frowning. His face hardened.

"Hank, they's been a Cody in the sheriff's office ever since I can remem-

ber, and they ain't none of 'em ever let their feelin's interfere with the business of the law."

The young sheriff thrust his thumb in the sleeve of his vest and studied his upturned badge. Then, rolling his tongue under his lower lip, he contemplated the old businessman who had been instrumental in electing this particular Cody to the sheriff's office.

"Think I've got it, J. B.," he grinned.

The old man frowned. "Got what?"

"Haven't time to explain now."

Young Cody pulled his hat down and turned toward the stairs.

Mister Pepper rode his chair like a bucking bronco back toward his desk. For no reason that he could think of, he did not want to watch the sheriff arrest Pedro.

Adjusting his sleeve bands, then buttoning his vest, Mister Pepper picked up a handful of letters and took a pencil from above his ear. Then he bent over his desk and began slitting the envelopes open.

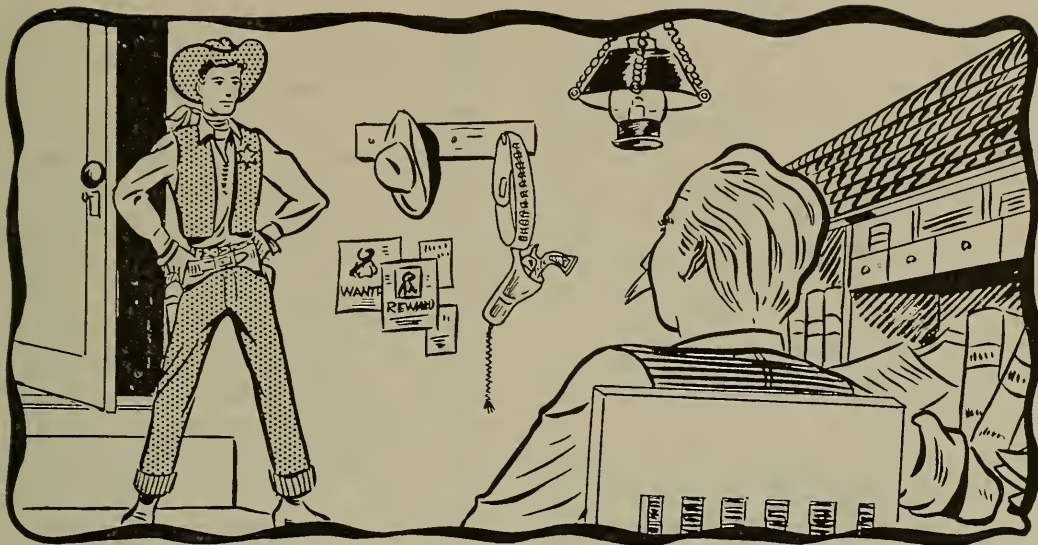
The combination general merchant and gentleman farmer was still sitting there when somebody called heartily from the door, "Howdy, J. B."

Pulling out the bottom drawer of his desk, the old man squeaked his swivel chair back, crossed his feet on top of the drawer, and raised his eyes toward the straw-hatted, overall-clad man.

"Howdy, Tom," he said.

Without waiting for an invitation, Tom sat in the straight oak chair beside the desk. "Guess you saw the sheriff take Pedro in for stealin' your wool." He sent a brownish mouthful pinging into the bull's-eye of the brass spittoon. The old man nodded. Tom continued, "Cody said you wanted to see me."

"Huh?" The old fellow took a pencil from above his ear and rubbed his



Jergin B. Pepper raised his silver head spryly from the litter of his roll-top desk. Then he whirled his swivel chair about and faced the newly elected sheriff of Comanche County.

silver head with the eraser end of it. As best he could remember, Hank had heard him say no such thing.

"I guess you wanted to congratulate me, huh, J. B.?"

The old man drew his shaggy brows down over his narrowed gray eyes. He wondered exactly what the young sheriff had up his sleeve in sending Tom Gilbert up here. "Humh?" He looked up as if only just now hearing Tom. "Oh, yes, the new young 'un."

Tom looked a little puzzled. "Didn't Hank tell you, J. B.? It's a boy. We named 'im fer you." He slid down on his backbone, took off his straw hat, and wiped his forehead.

"A boy, humh, that's nice," Mister Pepper said, his eye wandering toward the pile of papers on his desk. "I thank you, Tom. Pedro named one for me last year." Then he looked up to say impatiently, "What you doin' in town, Tom? Ain't you got enough to keep you busy to home?"

Tom spat. This time his brownish

mouthful missed the opening in the top of the brass spittoon. When at last he looked up, it was to say defiantly, "We hadda bring the missus to the hospital at the last minute."

"You did, humh? Now how'd you manage the money for all that?"

Tom's blue eyes squinted. "We managed. We managed, I tell ya."

Mister Pepper felt a twinge of conscience. If Tom Gilbert had had a tenant's share of the income from the farm, he might have been able to save up for such emergencies as this.

"I thought I'se in as close touch with you as anybody, Tom. How come Hank Cody knowed about the new young 'un before me?"

"Oh, he's on the job, our sheriff is," Tom's voice swelled. "Been out to the farm half a dozen times, pokin' around. I guess he knows every move that Pedro Moreno's made."

The chair squeaked as Mister Pepper uncrossed his feet and crossed them again. Maybe young Cody was a chip

off the old block after all, the old man decided.

"I just hope Hank ain't got the handcuffs on the wrong fellow, Tom," he said unexpectedly.

Tom's straw hat jumped off his knee. Leaving a trail of dust behind, it circled past the safe, stopping just outside the open door. Tom did not get up to go after it.

"They's plenty of evidence to convict Pedro," he said after a moment. "You seen it yourself."

"On second thought, Tom, maybe they's too much," Mister Pepper answered, remembering how the evidence had been as conspicuously present as the wool was absent, "but I guess Hank knows what he's about. After all, he practically growed up in that there sheriff's office."

"Yes sir." Tom spat, then bit a fresh chew from his plug of tobacco.

"When was the young 'un born?" Mister Pepper asked by way of making conversation. He needed time to think.

"This mornin', five-thirty. Brang the woman in late last night." Tom clasped his weather-roughened hands about his knee.

Seeing that Tom watched him, Mister Pepper shook his head, and clucked sympathetically. "Shame your wife can't be with her own people, Tom, at a time like this."

"Yeah." Tom shifted his cud.

Now Mister Pepper had a pretty fair notion of what Hank Cody had been getting at when he sent Tom Gilbert up here. But what to do about it—that was a horse of a different color.

"When d'you find out you had to bring the missus to town?"

"Day before yestiddy."

Hank had said, "Things work themselves out if you give them a chance." But for the life of him Mister Pepper

could not see how this situation could iron itself out without somebody giving it more of a hand than Hank had.

The old man set his feet on the floor, swung the swivel chair to face his desk, and fished a knobby, veined hand in a pigeonhole. Maybe Hank was right. Maybe he had ought to be playing checkers with Sally's grandpa.

"You know, Tom," he said, drawing out his checkbook. "I've got a feelin' it's high time I began doin' somethin' for them little namesakes of mine. Since yours had to be born in a hospital; and, things bein' what they are, you haven't had a chance to save up any money, well — By the way, Tom, how much did you have to put up to get your wife in the hospital?"

Tom named the figure.

Mister Pepper did some rapid calculating. "By some strange coincidence," he observed, "that's almost exactly the amount of cash my wool would have brought."

He wanted to look at Tom but did not trust himself. He tore the check out of the book, and stared at it. There might not be quite that much in his checking account until he had time to go down to the bank, but that was one of the chances he would have to take—the lesser one. And with the wisdom of his three score years and ten, he had already decided to take the greater chance.

While Mister Pepper wrote the check, Tom had tilted his chair back on its hind legs and sat chewing.

Turning from his desk, Mister Pepper cleared his throat.

"You know, Tom," he said, "there's a little story runnin' through my mind. I'll tell it to you while we wait for this ink to dry." Squeaking back in his swivel chair, he again crossed his feet on the bottom drawer of the desk. "I

had a young feller workin' downstairs for me one time. He came out three dollars short on his cash one Saturday night. It wasn't much more than the next payday when he came to me and said he had found an extra five in the cashbox. Though he never told me, I knowed where that money'd went and where it come from."

Tom spat, his brownish mouthful adding another streak to the one he had already landed on the outside of the brass spittoon. His tanned skin looked as white as a potato when you cut it open.

"Well, sir," Mister Pepper concluded, squeaking the chair again as he got to his feet, "it wasn't very long until this young feller found hisself another job—a better job, at that."

He held out the check.

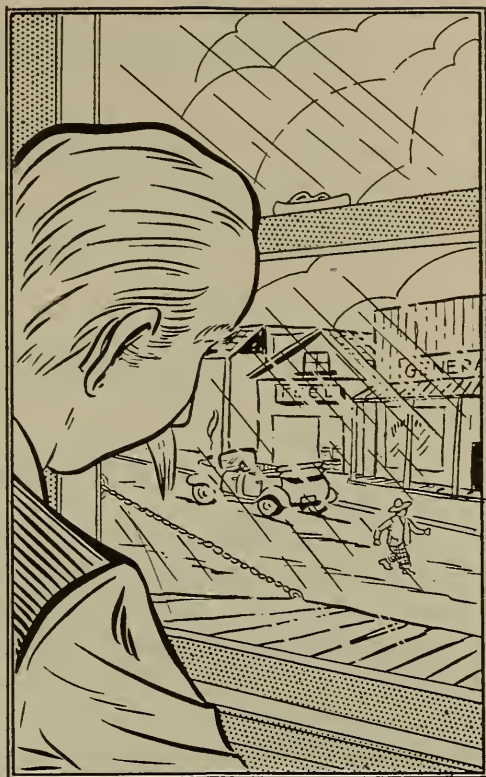
With a bare "Thank you" Tom took the check. Stooping, he picked up his hat on the way out.

The next morning Mister Pepper phoned the young sheriff to come over to his office right away.

"This come in the mornin' mail." He held up a post office envelope across the face of which had been pasted letters from the evening paper to spell JERGIN B. PEPPER, MEADE. He fanned out a handful of greenbacks and the scrap of paper on which letters had been pasted to spell the single word "wool." He had pushed back into the litter of papers another letter received in the same mail, a letter from Tom Gilbert requesting release from his work so he could go back to the hills to live with his wife's folks as soon as the "missus" was able to travel. Rocking back in his swivel chair, Mister Pepper looked up at the younger man. His eyes narrowed.

"You won't have to play bloodhound on this too, will you, Hank?"

Hank Cody thrust his thumb in the



The old fellow stared out over the wooden awning to watch the squat figure of the itinerant little sheepshearer emerge from his dilapidated touring car.

sleeve of his vest and studied his up-turned badge. Then, rolling his tongue under his lower lip, he gazed solemnly down at the old man.

"No, not this time," he said, then added, thoughtfully, "I guess after people have known each other as long as we have, J. B., there's no need for a lot of words."

"You young yahoo," the old man answered affectionately, "you sure didn't grow up in that sheriff's office for nothin'."

Wetting his thumb on his tongue, Mister Pepper began counting out a sizeable sum. "Tell Pedro to stop by here, will you, Hank, when you turn him loose? Since he named one of his young 'uns for me, and since you don't

pay wages in that jail of yours— Say, that gives me an idea,” he chuckled, extending the money. “You can give this to Pedro yourself. Sort of take the sting out of that there joke you played on yourself when you arrested him.”

“Sure, I’ll be glad to give it to him.” Young Hank Cody pocketed the money

and started toward the stairs. He turned back in the middle of a long-legged stride. “But if you think I’ve had Pedro locked up in jail,” he said, “you’ve got me all wrong, J.B. Pedro’s just been playing checkers with Sally’s grandpa while he rested up a little at my place before he starts home.”



A Second Pays Off

Sam, who was half as old and half as big as Coach, straddled a stool beside him at the soda fountain. Both had damp spots on their sweat shirts.

“Greentown beat us in the track meet again, Coach?” Al, the soda jerk, asked as he plunked down two glasses of ice water.

Coach had that dead-pan face he’d learned to wear through victory or defeat. “Yeah,” he said.

“Too bad. What’ll you have?”

“Tall coke.”

“Gimme a chocolate soda,” Sam drawled wearily. “Lemme use the phone?”

Behind the counter he gave a number without looking it up in the thin, dog-eared directory.

“Jean won’t give you a date,” Al remarked. He was scooping ice into the paper-lined goblet. “She wouldn’t be seen with a guy that hasn’t made a name as an athlete.”

“Hi, Jean,” Sam’s voice leaped to life. “How about a date tonight? . . . Aw, that’s what you said *last* week, Jeannie. . . . No fun staying home by yourself on Saturday night. . . . Say, Jeannie, I got second place in the track meet today. . . . Javelin. . . . Oh, I haven’t been practicing *much*. . . . You didn’t really mean No about tonight, did you, Jeannie? . . . O.K., Jeannie, I’ll be around about eight.”

Sam strode back to the stool and did a disappearing act on the chocolate soda. He laid a dime and a nickel on the counter. “See you guys later.”

Al picked up the money without looking at it and eyed Sam skeptically as he hurried out the door.

“He didn’t *really* take second, did he, Coach?”

“Sure,” Coach reproved him for doubting Sam’s word.

Al dipped a glass out of the sterilizing bath and polished it, holding it up to the light thoughtfully. “Say, Coach,” he asked, “how many were in that javelin event?”

Coach looked up and grinned. “Two,” he said. “If Sam won second, there’d have to be just two!”

I Remember Walter Johnson

By Henry Allen Morris

WALTER JOHNSON was one of the few athletes worthy of the honors heaped upon him by sports fans. He was one of the finest, fairest, most sincere, and most modest persons ever to play professional baseball.

Johnson, who was born on November 6, 1887, and died on December 10, 1946, was believed to have been the greatest fast-ball pitcher in diamond history. He won 413 games for the Washington Senators from 1907 through 1927, completed 531 games, and pitched 113 shut-outs. His strike-out record—3,497—has never been threatened, and he hurled 5,925 innings, more than any other hurler in the game.

However, it wasn't only his blazing fast ball and his ability to make batters whiff the air that made Johnson the idol of millions. It was also his fine character and clean habits—his honesty and decency. He refused to take advantage of anyone, never complained or alibied, and didn't know what it was to quit in the face of obstacles, even in his last fight in a Washington hospital.

Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington club and a keen student of human nature, said recently: "Beyond a doubt Walter Johnson was the greatest pitcher who ever lived. But what made him so great, so well liked, was the fact that he was a contented man. He loved his fellow man and he loved baseball, and his two loves made him one of the best salesmen the Golden Rule ever had."

Bucky Harris, former manager of the Detroit Tigers and New York Yankees

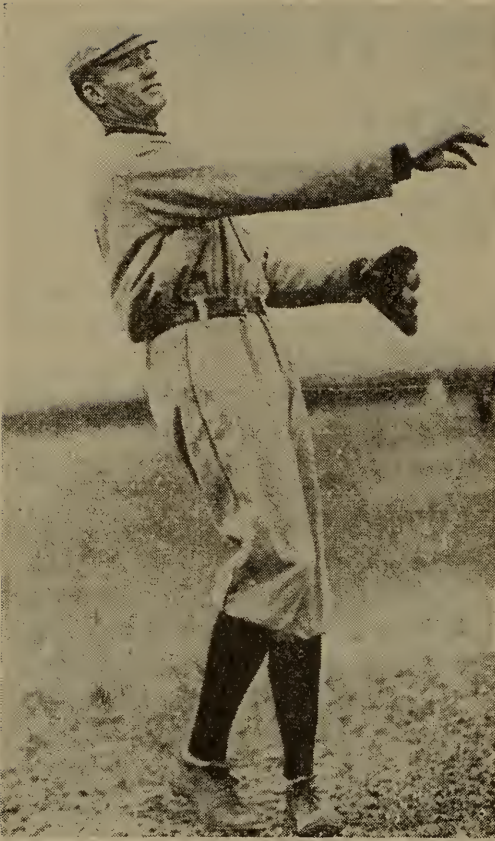
and now manager of the Washington team, rates Johnson as the perfect idol of American youth.

"Johnson loved youngsters," says Harris. "There were always a dozen boys or more hanging around our clubhouse, and, unlike most stars, Walter was never too busy to give them advice or to play catch with them."

Harold (Muddy) Ruel, who caught Johnson during the latter stages of his career, says that the pitcher would have been practically unbeatable had he possessed the slightest streak of meanness in his nature. But Walter knew the terrific power back of his fast ball, and he never once tried to hit a batter, and only once did he hand out more than one hundred bases on balls a season.

Johnson, it is said, was responsible for one of the two most famous sayings of baseball. Willie Keeler gave the game "Hit 'em where they ain't" with his ability to place his hits between the fielders. It was Ping Bodie who, after taking three cuts at Johnson's fast one, walked back to the bench and told his manager, "You can't hit 'em when you can't see 'em."

"The Big Train," as Johnson was popularly known, was born on a farm near Humboldt, Kansas. Later his family moved to California, and Walter first won fame as a pitcher as a member of the Fullerton High School nine. His early strike-out record was made with a strong semipro club at Weiser, Idaho, from which he was secured by Washington. Walter wore the Senators' uni-



form with honor and distinction for twenty-one years, winning 32 games in 1912 and 36 in 1931 to set a two-year record that has never been duplicated.

In 1924, at the age of 36, Johnson was good enough to lead the American league with 23 victories and 7 defeats. The following year he won 20 out of 27 games.

Following his retirement as an active player, Walter managed teams at Newark, Washington, and Cleveland. His managerial career, which covered a seven-year period, was fairly successful but could have been more so had his players worked for him as Walter had worked for his bosses in Washington.

Six feet, two inches tall and weighing close to two hundred pounds, with sandy

hair and blue eyes, Walter was quiet and easygoing and had a nice sense of humor and a beguiling modesty. For years he didn't even realize that the ball he autographed on the opening day of the season was secretly returned to the President of the United States, who rated it among his most cherished possessions.

The two main reasons for Johnson's success were an easy pitching motion and stern self-discipline. He was as smooth as a well-oiled engine and worked in perfect rhythm with a big windup and a tremendous sweep of his shoulders, delivering the ball with a side-arm, partially cross-fire motion that sent the ball over the plate snapping like a whip. In addition, he took good care of himself and was always in perfect shape. Even when no longer a young man, he could do four turns around a mile track without breathing hard.

Speaking before a troop of Boy Scouts shortly before his death, Johnson explained his lifetime code:

"Treat your fellow man a little better than he expects," he said simply. "And treat your job the same way. Whether it's helping with the dishes, washing Dad's car, building a model airplane, or pitching baseball, do the best you can and it is surprising how fine a life you can have."



An Irishman passed a shop that advertised "Everything Sold by the Yard." Thinking to play a joke on the shopkeeper, the Irishman went in and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopkeeper, not to be outdone, dipped his finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter. "Five cents, please," he said.

"All right," the Irishman came back, "roll it up and I'll take it!"

UFP Group



Official Photograph, U. S. Navy

This is the first picture of a United Fellowship of Protestants group received by THE LINK. The group was formed by Chaplain Charles H. Iley from his Bible class aboard the U.S.S. *Greenwich Bay* early in August, 1951, while the ship was in the Middle East. The T-shirts and shorts are the uniform worn in that region.

First row: W. R. Blue, TEM2, Pass-A-Grille Beach, Florida; K. A. Henry, FN, New Germantown, Pennsylvania; F. R. Stotler, SK2, Akron, Ohio; P. E. Sigg, ET3, Archbold, Ohio.

Second row: B. J. Hurst, SN, Knoxville, Tennessee; A. J. Honigman, QMS3, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Chaplain Charles H. Iley, Annapolis, Maryland; M. M. Keeney, CSSN, Woodshoro, Maryland; R. W. Steele, SDC, Nashville, Tennessee.

Third row: F. A. Groth, Jr., ET3, Lafayette, New York; R. J. Winter, AO1, Knoxville, Tennessee; B. E. Prothro, FCS2, Fall River, Massachusetts; W. A. Taylor, CS3, Chanderville, Illinois; E. M. Sanders, SKGSN, Bluefield, West Virginia; and J. L. McGee, CSSN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Poking about in a college library, a young lady ran across a book that aroused her immediate and intense interest when, on the title page, she encountered this encouraging assurance:

HOW: *To Reach Men*

To Hold Men

To Teach Men

To Win Men

It Has Been Done

Unfortunately she was considerably let down by a clump of type at the bottom of the page: "Tells How to Run Your Bible Class."

An Arkansas man bought a davenport and soon found it infested with moths. He complained to the manufacturer.

Back came a reply. It was the first complaint the company had ever had. Inquiry had failed to reveal any explanation for this unprecedented occurrence. The cover was of the finest quality and fully moth-proofed. Only clean, new filling material was used. There must be some mistake.

Then out of the letter fell this note—"Send this guy the bug letter."

UFP Study Outlines

WE TEST OUR LIVES BY THINE

INTRODUCTION

The Bible tells us very little about the early life of Jesus. We see him, briefly, at the age of twelve in the temple. That is about all. Luke in a single comprehensive verse (2:52) describes his adolescent development thus: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." If this is the way the greatest teacher of the art of living developed, we say, it is good enough for us. If we would follow our Leader, be more like him in word, deed, and thought, care for what he cares for, and join him in what he is living for—in short, if we would "bear the name of Christians"—then we, too, must grow "in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." As youth in the Armed Forces, perhaps we need to take stock of our personal development. We may need to sit down, take paper and pencil, and appraise our

In 1952 the study outlines will follow rather closely the five-commission plan suggested by the United Christian Youth Movement as a common pattern for denominational youth fellowships, Christian youth councils, and the United Fellowship of Protestants. These commissions deal with Christian Faith, Christian Witness, Christian World Outlook, Christian Citizenship, and Christian Fellowship.

As a preliminary study the UFP outlines for January, not part of this scheme but closely allied to it, will seek to appraise the individual and suggest means for his personal improvement. It seems wise to consider the individual's total fitness before proceeding to a consideration of his associations and the various services he can render as outlined in the five commissions. Beginning with February and continuing over a period of two-to-three years, the outlines will be drawn from the five commissions.

growth—mentally, physically, spiritually, and socially. Most of us are weak in one or more of these ways. Few of us realize our fullest potentialities in these various sides of personal growth.

In the development of a well-integrated personality every phase is important. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. To achieve abundant living one can hardly be a star athlete and nothing else, or just a bookworm, or a recluse. Jesus increased "in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man."

Of course, in his education the youth cannot be dissected. The physical, mental, social, and spiritual cannot be developed in watertight compartments. Montaigne long ago recognized this when he said: "It is not a soul, it is not a body we are training up; it is a man, and we ought not to divide him into parts." But it may be helpful in a self-appraisal and in the placing of individual emphases in our education to keep in mind the four components of personality mentioned. These will be considered in detail in this month's study outlines.

We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilt goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

In Stature

HE WHO HAS HEALTH HAS HOPE; HE WHO HAS HOPE HAS ALL.

—ARAB PROVERB

Aims of this discussion:

1. To define physical fitness.
2. To learn how it is developed.
3. To get youth to make an appraisal of—and, if necessary, to improve—their physical fitness.
4. To show how the physical side is associated with other phases of personality.

Background Material

The physical body is the most wonderful machine on earth, made for us to enjoy life here until we have no further need for it. All that is finest depends on the efficient operation of the physical body. It is quite justifiable to feel pride in a fit body, both as an end in itself and as a means for carrying on one's work more effectively.

1. Physical fitness more than health.

—Two persons may be declared “in perfect health” by the doctor and yet be poles apart in their capacity for activity, their ability to get things done. One may be a star athlete who can easily perform feats involving strength and stamina, while the other may do nothing more strenuous than feeding himself or signing checks. Real health—let's call it physical fitness—involves more than freedom from disease. That a person has normally functioning heart, lungs, stomach, and other organs is no sign that he is fit. Fitness involves absence of disease, of course; but it also pre-



supposes the possession of an optimum degree of certain additional elements like strength, endurance, flexibility, and physical skills. These are what give you robust, radiant health—a high capacity for activity.

How do you feel after a hard day's work? Can you go on

and work several hours more?

The answer will depend upon the degree of physical fitness you enjoy. Some may have actually three or four times as much fitness as others—three or four times as much physical capacity to get things done.

2. Need for physical fitness.—Hundreds of thousands of servicemen were given physical fitness tests in World War II. The results showed the average physical fitness to be very low. A large percentage of the men tested could not chin themselves even once. In a disaster at sea, many didn't have the strength to hang onto a line, to say nothing of climbing to safety.

The environment in which modern youth are raised does not offer the natural opportunities for the development of physical fitness that our ancestors enjoyed. Modern machines, elevators, escalators, and the motor car make life too easy for us. Even our recreational activities are likely to be of the passive type—movies, television, and automobile riding having supplanted for the major-

ity of us, hiking and vigorous athletic activities. One would not do away with any of our marvelous technological achievements. We enjoy them heartily. But if we are to obtain and maintain the degree of physical fitness developed by our forebears through work and leisure-time pursuits, we must add to our daily programs those physical activities that will insure these results. Failure in this will mean inability to reach our full potentialities.

Read Psalm 19:5; Psalm 84:7.

3. Strength.—The most important element in physical fitness is strength. Many have belittled it, looking down their noses at anyone with more than average muscular development. Such an attitude is like that held by the ascetics of the Middle Ages. No apology need be made by either sex for the development of pure, unadulterated physical strength. In fact, we should come to dignify it—even, perhaps, to glorify it as the ancient Greeks did.

This doesn't mean that everyone should set out to develop maximum strength. All we need is that optimum required for the performance of daily tasks without strain, injury, or undue fatigue—plus an appropriate amount for the emergency. We do not need a ten-ton truck to deliver special delivery letters.

Read Job 12:13.

4. How to develop strength.—Muscles are made up of tiny fibers, which increase in their girth when given the proper exercise. This makes the whole muscle larger. The larger the muscle, the more work it can do. To increase the size of a muscle we must exercise it vigorously—almost to its limit.

Some have the idea that any simple exercise, provided it is repeated a sufficiently large number of times, will develop muscle tissue. This is not true.

The best exercises for the development of strength are those that involve heavy resistance to muscular contraction. Thus, some weight—the weight of the body or its parts will do—or the antagonism provided by one's opponent in wrestling will serve to build up strength.

Quick movements, in which maximum contraction is required to set the body or its parts in motion against the force of inertia, also will develop strength. The boxer's arms and the sprinter's legs are examples.

*Read Isaiah 40:28-31; 41:10; Philip-
pians 4:13.*

5. Endurance.—Endurance as we shall consider it here (sometimes called "general endurance") is the ability to continue a movement over a long period of time. It is concerned with the development of the heart. The heart of a race horse is twice as big as the heart of an ordinary horse. The heart is made up of muscle, which grows larger when exercised vigorously just as other muscles do. When the heart becomes larger and more powerful it can pump out more blood with each beat. So, to pump out a certain amount of blood, it does not have to beat so often and can have more rest between beats. This gives it greater endurance. An exercise like running, continued almost to the person's limit, will be required to develop endurance.

Neither strength nor endurance can be developed once and for all. Unless we continue the same vigorous activities by means of which they were originally developed, they will gradually decrease. The muscles of the body adjust to the demands placed upon them, increasing in size as necessary and returning to their former size when only minimal effort is required.

Read Mark 8:3; Isaiah 40:31.

6. **Temple of the soul.**—The amount of physical fitness you possess may determine the extent to which you succeed in achieving your goals. It is when you are physically fit that you are best able to combat temptation, to forego the thing of immediate appeal in favor of the distant view.

The body is often called "the temple of the soul," or as Paul says in First Corinthians, "temple of the Holy Ghost." In *Émile* Rousseau wrote: "The body must needs be vigorous in order to obey the soul; a good servant ought to be robust. The weaker the body, the more it commands; the stronger it is, the better it obeys." Montaigne said the same thing in other words: "The soul will be oppressed if not assisted by the body."

With a full realization that the body is the temple of the soul, many problems may be solved.

The relationship of body and soul is only one example of the interconnection of all phases of the personality. Mental alertness and sociability are in a real sense dependent on the efficient functioning of the physical machine.

We meet an acquaintance on the street and hail him with a hearty, "Hello, Bill. How are things going?" We are surprised and disappointed when all we get in return is a grunted, "Hi."

A few mornings later we meet the same Bill on the same street and, remembering our previous experience with him, offer a polite if not too cordial, "Hi." But what a difference in Bill this morning. He rushes up, slaps us on the shoulder, smiles all over, and says, "Well, Jim! I'm glad to see you. How have you been? How are the family? I like your red necktie," etc., etc. Why the difference in Bill's behavior the second day? Of course you don't know, but you assume that he feels better

Discussion Primers*

1. What is the difference between health, as commonly understood, and physical fitness?

If you were hiring men for heavy work, of what use might a physical fitness test be?

2. Explain: (a) Civilization and physical fitness are enemies. (b) Many people fail to realize the joy of living at one's best.

Was Jesus physically fit?

3. What is asceticism? What effect would it have on the development of physical fitness?

4. Explain: (a) There is no royal road to strength. (b) We must expend energy to develop energy.

5. What organ is developed as we build up endurance?

Explain: Function makes structure.

6. Point out other instances in which the various phases of the personality are related.

Does strength overcome fear? (Read Job 39:19-22.)

physically that day than he did the other day. Perhaps he had something more digestible for breakfast; or maybe he got more sleep the night before.

Why not have not only our bodies but our minds and hearts—our whole personalities—be temples for the Spirit of God?

Read Isaiah 35:3 Psalm 84:5.

Our Father, give us clean, strong bodies fit to do thy service. We do not ask a lighter load but, rather, increased strength to do our work, even the humblest tasks, faithfully and well. In Jesus' name we pray. AMEN.

*Discussion primers are numbered the same as the divisions of the outline to which they refer.

In Wisdom

FOR WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES.

—PROVERBS 8:11

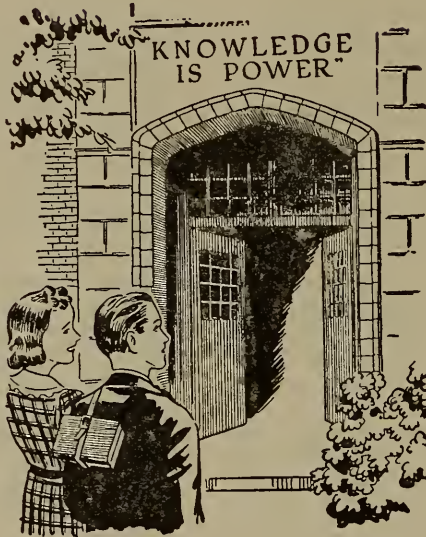
Aims of this discussion:

1. To develop a keener appreciation of the value of knowledge.

2. To learn to take full advantage of opportunities for learning.

3. To become conscious of the need to select better literature.

4. To consider our own mental health and to correct any remediable errors.



Background Material

Following this present tour of duty in the armed forces, some will be lawyers, some laborers; some doctors, some dentists; some soldiers, some shopkeepers. Irrespective of the field entered, a certain degree of knowledge will be required for success—whether measured financially or by some other criterion.

1. **Opportunities for learning.**—The public school system in this country—nursery school through university—offers us opportunities denied to those in most other lands. Practically anyone who wants an education can get it. Modern, high-speed rotary printing presses turn out books and periodicals by the million. Tons of paper and hundreds of pounds of ink were used in printing just this one issue of *THE LINK*. Ecclesiastes 12:12 is true: "Of making

many books there is no end." Not all of them are worth while; some are trash.

Read James 1:5-6; II Chronicles 1:10-12.

2. **Knowledge shallow.**—In spite of superior opportunities for learning, our knowledge is often shallow and inadequate. "I think so" (or even "I guess so") and "it's some'n' like that"

are common expressions. The average attention span, when something of a serious nature is being discussed, is woefully short.

Dean Pound reports the ingenious reply of a college freshman to the question "What is the Matterhorn?"

"That's a horn that is blown when something is the matter," he said, with an air of confidence.

When it comes to culture, that sum of one's appreciations, we are even weaker—though we are making some progress. Some time ago the *London Times* ran a cartoon showing an American touring the London Art Museum on roller skates!

Read Psalm 139:6; Proverbs 10:14.

3. **Taking education seriously.**—Is it because education is free that so many take a how-much-do-I-have-to-put-out attitude instead of trying to get the maximum benefit from it? One student said he wished he could be like the

river—lie in bed and follow his course.

The straight thinker will give time to his mental development. Each thing that goes into it will be chosen with the greatest of care. This will apply to reading matter, movies, radio, and television.

Read II Timothy 2:15; Acts 18:25; Proverbs 24:5; Hosea 4:6; II Peter 3:15-18.

4. Making reading profitable.—Our choice of reading matter will be most influential in our total development. Yet a great many adults still are at the funny-paper level and buy books for looks—those that fit into the color scheme—not use.

"What have you read lately?" is a common question. Sometimes it embarrasses us.

You can always say, "The Bible." It should be on everyone's reading list. It's the finest textbook in the world and contains the solution for every behavior problem.

Free time for reading is scarce with many people, and they must snatch small blocks of time. This makes it all the more important that we choose our reading matter wisely.

After a period of reading, it will be profitable to stop and meditate for a time on the great truths learned. This makes it easier to retain them.

Read I Timothy 4:13; II Timothy 4:13; Acts 17:11; Colossians 2:3.

5. Mental health.—Space permits only brief mention here of what is sometimes called good mental health, very important in present-day America. President Bryan of Ohio University once said: "An American is one who, when he wants something, he wants it *bad* and he wants it *yesterday*." Many need "calming down." Others have a "low boiling point," flying into a rage at the least provocation. The latter may learn

Discussion Primers

1. What opportunities for learning are available in our present situation?

Explain: Books are man's best friends; they teach, never argue.

2. How can one improve his taste for learning?

3. How can we know what is best in reading, movies, radio, and television?

What standards can you suggest for the selection of reading matter?

4. What profits come from carefully selected reading?

Knowledge from reading doesn't always stay with us. What can we do to make it stick?

How can we cultivate the habit of meditation?

5. What types of mental ill-health seem most common among your acquaintances?

How can they be prevented or corrected?

control through supervised athletics.

Worry is a problem to many. We worry over what has happened, what may happen, our health, the opinion of others, and many other things.

If your worry is over past mistakes, just say to yourself, "I was a fool to have done that," and forget about it.

Worry about the future or your health will have only a bad effect on them. Realize that, first. Then put forth sensible efforts aimed at preventing what it is that you fear.

As for worries about others' opinions, classify what you hear about yourself. If it's true, be thankful for hearing it and take steps to correct the weakness. If it's untrue, just say, "It's ridiculous," and forget it.

Read Psalm 37:7-9.

Where is the Life we have lost in living?

Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

—from *The Rock* by THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

In Favor with Man

I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS . . .

—JOHN 15:15

Aims of this discussion:

1. To discover and to attempt to put into practice those behavior traits required for friendship.

2. To extend our active concerns beyond our immediate surroundings and acquaintances.

Background Material

1. Getting along with others.—Do

you habitually lack confidence in yourself? Are you always at home with your group, or do you sometimes feel like a wallflower?

There is no one who does not at some time or other feel a lack of confidence. People fool you in this respect; the most lacking are often the most verbose.

Did you ever come into a room, see a small group of people in a huddle, and feel they were talking about you? The chances are they are not—or if they are, they are saying how well you look! Remember—you are important. No one has exactly the same qualifications that you have. People are interested in you and want to know you—or they will when you lose your self-consciousness. Force yourself to take some responsibility in the life of the group. Start with something with which you are more familiar, do it well, and then seek other responsibilities. Remember that



people who live to themselves are left to themselves.

Friends are important to insure happiness — and even vocational success. In every field of endeavor we find educated people, well prepared for their work, who are unable to get along with other people. As a result, they find great difficulty holding their jobs.

Some nations have the same difficulty. Internationally, this trait leads to war.

Read John 15:13.

2. **Why we fail.**—Are you selfish or sarcastic? Are you untidy, either in your looks or morals? (James 4:4.) Do you have too high an opinion of your worth? Do you lord it over other people? Do you talk too much in a gossipy way? Are you jealous or suspicious? Are you vulgar in speech or action?

It is surprising how some little thing may strike someone else the wrong way—someone who is just a bit sensitive, perhaps. Resentment results, often followed by hatred. You have lost a friend.

Read James 1:26; Psalm 34:13; James 3:1-13.

3. **How we make friends.**—If you want to be popular, don't try! Just be your own best self. Be sincere, dependable, and tactful. Be cheerful and en-

thusiastic. Make it a habit to smile at people you know. Never be critical, and never fail to praise whenever you can sincerely.

"The other fellow" is a good motto for social behavior. The principle involved applies in every activity of life, even in our conversation. Everyone, self-ishly, likes to talk about the things in which he is most interested. The smart person, accordingly, will determine the other's interests and discuss them.

Be friendly if you would have friends (Proverbs 18:24). Don't wait for the other person to make the first friendly move. He may fail you.

Often we think the other person doesn't go half-way. Maybe he feels the same way about us. Friendship requires that you share—your time, talents, goods—with those who need them. Friendship involves an outreaching to other people.

Contribute to the social life of others by such activities as storytelling and song leading.

Jesus had such an attractive personality that great crowds were drawn to him during his life on earth. Since then millions have felt his magnetic force. To come under his spell is to be made over, so completely as hardly to recognize yourself.

When you regard others charitably and when no negative or critical thoughts possess your mind, you gradually develop an inner calmness most conducive to friendship. As a result, you soon have friends by the score, who recognize in you a selfless person, interested primarily in their welfare. You become a happy, radiant person, and you live a more abundant life.

Read John 15:9-17; Philippians 2:3-5; Galatians 6:2-10.

4. A world attitude.—How big is your world? Does it embrace just those you see every day—a baby's world?

Discussion Primers

1. Discuss the relative value of technical and social efficiency to a worker.

2. List some of the socially undesirable traits.

3. Describe the friendly person.

4. How big is your world?

Can Christian love extend to *all* people? Can we love (in the Bible meaning of the word) those we don't like?

How can we promote friendship with the peoples of other nations?

Does it include those in some political or geographic area or, perhaps, the nation? Or do you have an active interest in global affairs and peoples? The brotherhood of man must start locally and spread over the earth.

What is your attitude toward people of other nations? Cain asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" I must be more than that. I must be my brother's *brother!*

Let me live in my house by the side
of the road
And be a friend of man.

—SAM WALTER FOSS

Read Galatians 3:26; Acts 11:27-30; Romans 12:9-18; Proverbs 17:17.

"Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

"O Divine Master, grant that I do not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to everlasting life."

—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

In Favor with God

TO BE SPIRITUALLY MINDED IS LIFE AND PEACE.

—ROMANS 8:6

Aims of this discussion:

1. To consider certain human errors and the process of replacement by which they may be prevented or eliminated.

2. To lead youth to establish an acceptable plan of life in which God, rather than self, is in control.

Background Material

To grow in favor with God is, to live like Jesus. We sing:

We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear,

but we fail in our all-too-meager attempts to copy his example. Our shortcomings are many—too numerous, in fact, to consider here. We mention only two.

1. **As a man thinketh.**—Many a youth whose conscience would never condone his indulging in an immoral act is a profligate in his thinking. The one who allows his thoughts to dwell on evil things is only inviting temptation to break down his pattern of good behavior. Evil thoughts, base desires, immoral acts—that is the unfortunate sequence. Books and magazines filled with salacious pictures and reading matter are readily available. Off-color stories are everywhere.

The positive approach to a clean mind is to fill it with so much of the good that the low, vulgar, and immoral find no room there. It's just a matter of replacement. Try as you will, you can't think of two things at the same

time. What are these worthy things? There are plenty of them: for example, home, family, the perfect Jesus.

*Read Philippians 4:8;
Proverbs 23:7.*

2. **Immediate appeal, permanent satisfaction.**—One of the three parables of “losing and finding” told by Jesus is that of the prodigal son (Luke 15:11-32). You will remember that he tired of

the routine of his “uninteresting” farm life, collected his inheritance, and left his father and brother for the “bright lights” of a far country. Probably he gave little thought to the fact that his father would now have to go back to work on the farm. After spending all his money in “riotous living,” and when lacking even food, he began to realize how selfish he had been in leaving home. So he decided to return, apologize to his father, and ask him to make him one of his hired servants. At least he could get food this way! When he came within sight of his house and, perhaps, was running over in his mind just what he would say, his father spied him and came running out to greet him. The old man took him into his arms and smothered the son's remorse with his kisses. The boy did succeed in blurting out a few words of apology; but before he could ask to be made one of the servants, his father ordered that they bring the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet—indications that he was still considered his father's heir. In the far country he had had what he sought.



Then he woke up—he “came to himself”—and began to realize that it wasn’t what he wanted after all. The thing of immediate pleasure did not bring lasting satisfaction but, rather the regret of eternity.

The sex motive is very powerful—for good or for evil, depending on how well we control it. It can be compared with fire which, if kept under control, will cook our food, heat our homes, run our machines, and do many other worth-while things. However, if it gets beyond control, it brings destruction. Similarly, sex, if properly controlled, can be the source of much that is most beautiful in life. But if the conscience is blinded, the soul asleep, the same impulse may urge the individual to a low level of action inconsistent with cherished standards and past behavior.

One of the things urged by UFP is the opportunity of normal fellowship of the two sexes in worship and in recreational and other activities. (The co-operation of girls from churches near military installations may be enlisted in this connection.) Such normal activities bring about deeper respect of boy for girl and girl for boy rather than distrust based on ignorance and furthered by lack of wholesome social contacts.

Read Romans 8:6.

3. Character in athletics and in life.—Sports are a powerful force in the lives of young people. If a boy does not have the qualifications for varsity competition, he may play on the scrubs or in intramurals. And if he can’t make an intramural team, he can root. Sports are productive of the most powerful antagonisms as well as the staunchest loyalties. No other activity can bring such sudden and such deep-seated emotional outbursts. For this reason they offer, under good guidance, unusual op-

portunities for the practice of emotional control and the development of emotional stability. The tree that is “storm-toughened on a windy site” best weathers the tempest.

Who will say that lessons learned on the athletic field always carry over into life situations—in spite of the Duke of Wellington’s claim that “the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton”? Yet many a youth gets his most potent, if not his first, lessons in honesty, justice, courtesy, co-operation, sympathy, and loyalty from participation in sports. At least he observes himself following a golden rule in play and notes the results in the reaction of others to him and in his own personal satisfaction.

For when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not whether you won or lost
But how you played the game.

4. The Power within us.—“To err is human.” “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” whether in a manner mentioned herein or in the myriad other ways open to us. Like the prodigal son, all of us, at one time or another, need to return to the Father. There is no one who, in his finer moments, does not crave the best. Many have been in the church and have been nominal Christians for as long as they can remember yet have never let Christ take over and rule their lives. They are like the “Christian” who said: “I’ve been teaching my Sunday school class about Jesus Christ, but I didn’t know him myself.”

How can we eliminate sin and error from our lives? We cannot do it by any power of our own. If we could, we should not have sinned in the first place. But there is a power—greater than steam, electricity, or even atomic energy—that can redeem us. It is the power of the Holy Spirit.

Many people think today that we are in an era of spiritual discovery and advance. Science has taken tremendous strides—to the point where some have wondered what further worlds there are to conquer. Planes traveling at supersonic speeds, powered by atomic energy await only a refinement of processes already discovered; and from now on we shall live in an age in which we shall investigate, discover, and come to utilize spiritual power. Does it sound more fantastic than planes, rockets and atom bombs would have sounded to our grandparents? Actually, we shall have to learn how to release spiritual power in place of atom bombs and to do it quickly if we are to avoid global catastrophe. Not that the rich discoveries of science should be forsaken—rather that they must be controlled. Science and religion must merge. Both have arisen from adherence to God's laws.

"Where is this spiritual power?" you ask. "How can I get it?"

Those questions are answered easily. It is *within* you, and you can get it merely by asking for it (Philippians 4:19). Some change of heart may be required to release it. We must renounce the pleasures of the emotions and other behavior that is contrary to the teachings of Jesus.

Prayer is the switch that turns on the power. The person who doesn't use it is old fashioned. We can call on God any time; he keeps no office hours. So let's stop thinking (talking to ourselves) and start praying (talking to God). Simply turn over full control of your life to God. Let your life be "under

Discussion Primers

1. Should one try to curb the imagination?

How can thoughts influence the Christian life?

2. What worthy motives can be used to defeat the urging of baser desires?

3. What contribution can sports make to wholesome, normal life?

4. Must a person rely on help beyond himself?

Explain: The kingdom of God is within you.

Can we expect to see a change in the outer life when we experience a deepening of spirituality within?

Is the more difficult choice between the good and the bad or between the good and the best?

new management." As Dr. E. Stanley Jones has said: "Let go; let God."

Read James 5:16.

Prayers can start simply with just a "thank you" for loved ones, good weather, or a good meal. Our prayers will grow with our spiritual depth, and vice versa, until finally we can surrender our own wills and let God take over completely.

Then will the holiness of the Spirit drive out the baseness of evil. It is one or the other. They cannot both occupy the heart at the same time. Which is it to be with you? The Infinite God awaits your decision.

Read Luke 1:80; Romans 3:23; Isaiah 1:18; John 1:11-12; John 3:16; John 5:24; Romans 10:9-10.

Spirit of God descend upon my heart;

Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

—GEORGE CROLY

Summary

1. How best prepare for lifework?—

Has it ever occurred to you that God who created you has a plan for your life, your individual life? No one knows what the plan is. It may be very much more extensive and pretentious than you can imagine—such a big job that, were you to know about it, you would feel quite inadequate. Maybe you are one of those persons with forty acres of possibilities and only one under cultivation. God doesn't load us down with something too big for us. He expects us, with his help, to grow into the job. Whenever we feel unable to do the work God has planned for us, our inability is due to our failure to yield to him and to seek his guidance.

But we must remember that while ideals are fine and visions of service are noble, what really counts is good hard work on the job that is to be done. "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead" (James 2:17). A Christian is one who puts his love into deeds and makes it real.

Count that day lost whose low
descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy
action done.

—DANIEL STANIFORD

2. Personality links.—In the introductory statement we used the analogy of the old adage, "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link," comparing the various phases of personality with the links of the chain. Here, as in the introduction, there is no desire to fragment the human personality. But for purposes of appraisal and for emphasis in development it is helpful to consider

the parts separately. Accordingly, we examine ourselves: we test our lives by the example of Christ to see how well we measure up physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually. After examining the chain of personality we note the weak links and—what is most important—take steps to repair them.

It would be hard to say which of the four links is most important. All-round development is needed. George A. Mangold has set up a worthy objective for us: "Balanced individuals, men and women in whom body, mind, and soul form one exquisite harmony." To live the abundant life one must be physically vigorous, mentally alert, fond of his companions, and filled with the spirit.

Read John 10:10.

Jesus said: "Be ye therefore perfect"; and Paul, following closely in the Master's steps, sought to "present every man perfect in Jesus Christ." Perfection we never reach, but in striving to attain it we draw nearer the goal he has set for our lives.

Read Psalm 37:37.

"The indefatigable pursuit of an unattainable Perfection . . . is what alone gives a meaning to our life."—Logan Pearsall Smith.

Take my voice, O Lord, I pray;
Speak through it for me today.
Take my heart; make it thine own,
To express thy love alone.
Take my mind and fill it full
With thy thoughts ineffable—

Thus as word and deed and thought
Match His pattern, life is wrought.

Recreational Activities

BY EDWARD L. SCHLINGMAN

JANUARY is a "stay-in" month. Often snowy and icy in the North, it is an "in-between," drab time of year in the South. Indoor fun seems to be the order of the day. Folk dancing and square dancing appeal to a good many groups, and records can be obtained from a good many sources. Two such sources are the World of Fun Series, Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tennessee, and The Folk Dancer, Box 201, Flushing, Long Island.

Many other indoor activities are lots of fun. For example, how well do your folks know each other, even after meeting together? Try "Autographs" on them. It's amazing how much more you'll learn.

AUTOGRAPHS: Prepare sheets of paper containing sixteen squares (4x4). In each square place a description. Each person procures the autographs of sixteen persons—who fit these various descriptions. Such a description might read as follows: "Wears glasses; has blue eyes; owns a car; grandparents born in foreign country; likes olives," etc. Keep the local situation in mind and use descriptions that fit. Have persons turn in the sheets when they are complete.

A total evening of active games wears people out. Use some sitting games as fill-in's. Here are a couple you might like to try:

TONGUE TICKLER: Line up eight or ten volunteers before the group. The leader starts by saying "One big fat hen," and each repeats it in turn. He next says, "One big fat hen, two ducks." Each repeats it in turn. He continues by

adding on one article through the following progression: One big fat hen, two ducks, three squawking wild geese, four plum-full partridges, five hundred Lime-rick oysters, six pairs of Don Alfonso tweezers, seven cages of Hilda Gabriel parakeets, eight ancient aristocratic anthropoid apes, nine flat-bottomed boats plying between Madagascar and Bogata, ten sympathetic sympathizers sympathizing with the sympathetic sympathizers of a symbolic system.

A person drops out if he does not remember what comes next or if he says any one item wrong. He may correct himself if he stops before the last word of any item; but if he pronounces the last word without correcting an error along the way, he is out. Play until none of the line is left.

POOR HOUSE is another good game. This is a variation of Fruit Basket but is played with couples. The entire group is seated in couples in a circle. One couple sits near the center rather than in the circle. Each couple is numbered and keeps the same number throughout the game. Each couple holds hands. Poor House occupants call out a series of numbers (at least three), and these couples must move, while the Poor House people try to get a pair of vacant seats. Those without seats must go to Poor House, where they now call the numbers. If "Poor House" is called, every couple moves. If a couple breaks hands at any time, it automatically lands in Poor House regardless of who is occupying it at that time.

Does your crowd like to do things before an open fireplace? Try a quiet

evening of STORYTELLING—where the people in the group make up the stories. It's a lot of fun. Beforehand, prepare a plot description of three or four situations. Use your imagination. Include facts that may pertain to your locality. (Sample: "It was December. Snow beat on the warehouse windows as the night watchman made his rounds. The whimper of a dog in a far corner drew his attention. Following the sound, he came upon the body of a well-dressed, middle-

aged man. The dog, which had but three legs, was tugging at something in the man's pocket." What was it? Where was the man from? Why was he here? . . . Construct the story as you see it.)

After throwing a hint, give the group time enough to work out a plot and weave a story. You may not need more than one plot suggestion. Who knows what budding authors you may have in your crowd?



The Echo

Once a little boy was playing in the woods. When he called aloud he heard the echo of his own voice and thought another boy was mocking him. He was very angry and ran to his mother saying that a naughty boy had called him hard names. His mother said: "Go out and call, 'I love you,' and see if you get the same in reply." The treatment we get from others is often an echo of the way we treat them.

—Arkansas Methodist



Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick said at the funeral of a close friend: "To be sure, the mystery of immortality is very great. Any way that one looks at it, this is a mysterious universe, but I beg of you get the mystery in the right place. It's not so much in the survival of spiritual life that is the mystery; it is the arrival of such a life in the first place, that it is here now in souls whom we have known and loved. There is the mystery—the arrival of a quality of living, essentially timeless and eternal. Would it not be a mystery, if, having arrived, it did not survive?"

—Michigan Christian Advocate



How Moral Decay Develops

Doing nothing about duty or opportunity is doing something; indecision is decision—the wrong way.

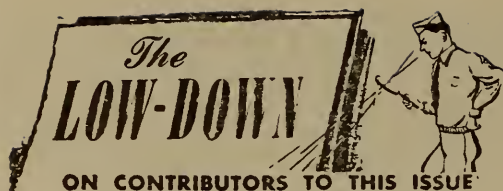
No man ever said, "I will be an ignoramus." He just looked at the books he ought to read and said, "I will read them—some other time."

No man ever said, "I will drop all my friends." He just looked at their unanswered letters and said, "I will answer those letters—some other time."

No man ever said, "I will go to the devil." He just said, "Moral standards? Christian principles? I will attend to them all—some other time."

But—books, letters, and Christian principles all have been neglected, and some day the bill will come in.

—The Church Herald



Besides being a well-known humorist and play doctor, Newman Levy ("Mr. Shakespeare Goes to Town," page 1) is a successful trial lawyer who has defended murderers and other criminals in innumerable cases. His light verse and prose have appeared in many publications, and he has done sketches for many Broadway shows.



Joseph H. Flory ("Martinek-Modern Minuteman," page 8) is a Hoosier who has been a bank clerk, a shipping clerk, a government clerk, "but a salesman for the most part." His articles have appeared in some twenty-five magazines of semispecialized nature: *Partners*, *Ford Times*, *Buick*, *Farm Quarterly*, *Science Digest*, *Steelways*, *Trailer Topics*, etc.



Donald V. Radcliffe ("Do unto Others," page 19) works as a telegrapher for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. "However, my real interests are social work and story writing. More accurately, my main interests are people and their stories."

This Navy veteran says this story is based on an actual incident.



Mabel Otis Robison ("The Long Search," page 21) is the author of "Where the Rio Grande Bends," which appeared in the June 1949 issue of *THE LINK*. Her husband has completed twenty years of service in the Marine Corps. She began writing while following her husband around the country.



L. R. Stacy ("Mister Pepper Pays Off," page 23) grew up in the Middle West but now lives in Arizona's Valley of the Sun. He is married to "a writing wife," as he puts it, and has a couple of little writers, aged eight and one and a half. He writes that "the mythical Mister Pepper came to be one of our favorite characters as we talked him into being."



You've seen the work of Henry Allen Morris ("I Remember Walter Johnson," page 29) quite a few times in *THE LINK* since we published his first sports quiz in 1949. He was born in Iowa and served as a sergeant in the Air Force during the last war. Mr. Morris has sold articles to *Holiday*, *Victorian*, *Pen Magazine*, various syndicates, and many juvenile publications.

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
(Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: How to Build a Life

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Preacher John Matthew 3:1-17 | 17 The Blessed Ones Luke 6:1-26 |
| 2 Jesus Tempted Matthew 4:1-16 | 18 Wise to Yourself Luke 6:27-49 |
| 3 Chosen Disciples Matthew 4:17-25 | 19 Two by Two Luke 10:1-20 |
| 4 Follow Me Matthew 9:1-17 | 20 The Good Samaritan Luke 10:21-42 |
| 5 Like a Shepherd Matthew 9:18-38 | 21 Thou Fool Luke 12:1-21 |
| 6 Jesus Criticized Matthew 12:1-30 | 22 Stop Worrying Luke 12:22-40 |
| 7 Jesus as Teacher Matthew 12:31-50 | 23 Always Faithful Luke 12:41-59 |
| 8 One of the Best Matthew 13:1-23 | 24 Too Self-Righteous Luke 18:1-14 |
| 9 Good and Bad Matthew 13:24-58 | 25 For Eternal Life Luke 18:15-30 |
| 10 Holy Jesus Matthew 17:1-23 | 26 Making Progress Colossians 1:1-17 |
| 11 Stumblers Matthew 18:1-20 | 27 Jesus' Pre-eminence Colossians 1:18-29 |
| 12 Forgive and Forget ..Matthew 18:21-35 | 28 Take Care Colossians 2:1-23 |
| 13 Divorce and Too Rich Mark 10:1-27 | 29 Put on New Colossians 3:1-11 |
| 14 To Give His Life Mark 10:28-52 | 30 Domestic Duties Colossians 3:12-25 |
| 15 Fisherman Jesus Luke 5:1-26 | 31 Stand Fast II Peter 3:1-18 |
| 16 Friendly Jesus Luke 5:27-39 | |

Surely, as a people, we must strengthen the religious and spiritual foundations of our daily lives, if we are to meet successfully the many and complex problems which confront the Nation. Man cannot live by bread alone; and an over-preoccupation with material things will not take us on down the path towards genuine freedom, justice, and happiness. The firmer grasp we have on the truths of both the Old and New Testaments, the nearer we shall come to achieving our inmost democratic ideals.

—PRESIDENT TRUMAN



Taxpayer—a person who has the government on his payroll.

—*The Idea*

A fiery tempered gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

—*Circle C Chats*

"As I understand the case," said his Honor, "you and your wife had an altercation and you were kicked in the ensuing rumpus."

"No sir, Judge," replied the sailor, "I was kicked in the stummick."

—*The Dope Sheet*



Eve may have been an unsatisfactory spouse in many ways, but she never cited to Adam the names of the men she could have married if she'd just wanted to.

—*Harbor Pilot*

Love is the star men look up to as they walk along, and marriage is the coal-hole they fall into.

—*Pipe Dreams*

Moron: Something which in the wintertime, girls wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

—*Kroehler News*

He wandered in at three o'clock after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing?" she asked.

"G'way! Don't bother me!" he yelled. "Somebody's locked up in the safe and I've forgotten the combination!"

—*Camp Lee Traveler*

Modern girl: One who dresses fit to kill and cooks the same way.

Little pay check, by tonight
We'll be where the lights are bright
In some gaily festive spot,
I'll return, but you will not.

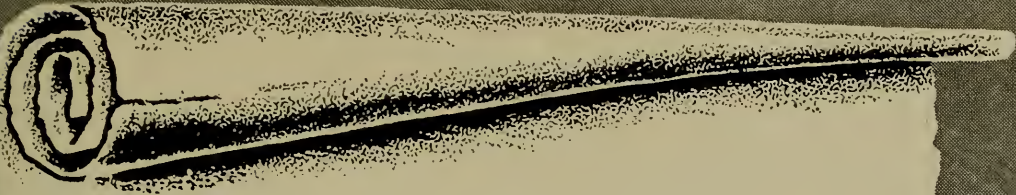
—*The Dope Sheet*

Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,

He called the chief a goon.

The SP's laughed to see such sport.
Court Martial—tomorrow noon!

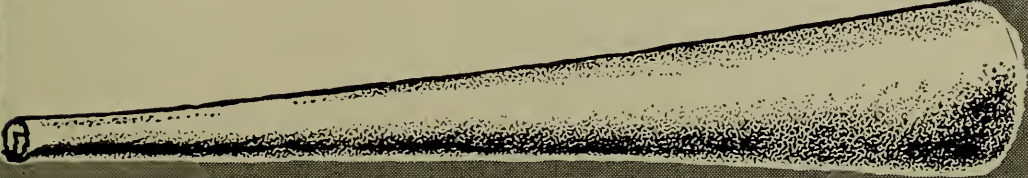
Pedestrian—a driver who has found a parking space.



Happy New Year

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the Years,
“Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.”

And he replied, “Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way.”



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